

The most  
ELEGANT,  
AND  
ELABOVRATE  
POEMS  
Of that Great  
COURT-VVIT,  
M: William Drummond.

Whose Labours, both in Verse  
and Prose, being heretofore so pre-  
cious to Prince Henry, and to K. Charles,  
Shall live and flourish in all Ages whiles there are men  
to read them, or Art & Judgment to approve them.

---

Horat. Carm. Lib. i.

Multaque pars mea

Vitabit Libitinam

---

LONDON,

Printed for William Rands Bookseller, at his House  
over against the Beare Taverne in  
Fleetstreet, 1659.

10. The following table gives the number of cases of smallpox reported in each State during the year 1802.

# P O E M S,

B Y

That most Famous Wit,

*WILLIAM DRUMMOND*

O F

HAWTHORNDEN.

---

*Ætas prima canit  
Veneris postrema Triumphos.*

---

L O N D O N ,

Printed by W.H. and are to be sold in the  
Company of Stationers, 1656.

СМЕРТЬ

УДАЧИ

ВЛАДИМИРСКАЯ  
СУДОВАЯ ДАЧА

ФОТО

АЛЕНЧИЧКИ

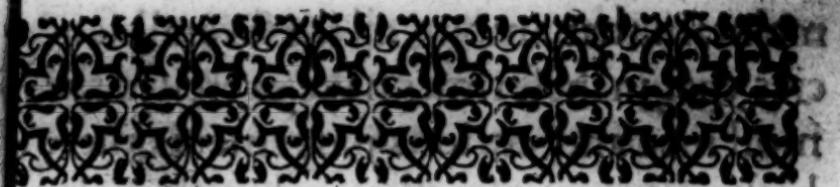
САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГ

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САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГ



## To the Reader.

Ingenious Reader,

**T**O say that these Poems are the effects of a Genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish Nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known, that that Country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits) yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for should I affirme that neither *Tasso*, nor *Guarini*, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of *Italy*, nor even the choicest of our English Poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superiour to what he deserves; nor shall I thinke it any arrogance to maintain,

maintain, that among all the severall fancies, that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgements, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves to be welcom'd into the world with greater estimation and applause: And though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally fam'd abroad, as many others, perhaps, of lesse esteeme, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance his credit; For by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher admiration, and like the Sun emerging from a Cloud appear at length with so much the more forcible Rayes. Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of Scotland, consider but the Language, how florid and ornate it is; consider the order, and the prudent conduct of his Story, and you will ranke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with *Thuanus* himself. Neither is he lesse happy in his Verse than Prose: for here are

all those graces met together that conduce  
any thing toward the making up of a  
compleat and perfect Poet, a decent and  
becoming Majesty, a brave and admi-  
rable height, and a wit so flowing, that  
*Jove* himselfe never dranke Nectar that  
sparkled with a more spritly lustre; should  
I dwell any longer ( ingenuous Reader )  
upon the commendation of this incom-  
parable Author, I should injure, thee by  
forestalling the freedome of thy owne  
judgement, and him by attempting a vain  
designe, since there is nothing can so well  
set him forth as his own works ; besides  
the losse of time which is but trifled a-  
way so long as thou art detained from  
perusing the Poems themselves.

E. P.

Beginning the Poem's Development  
may be long as soon as describing from  
the tone of time which is the life of  
set pictures in his own words; before  
which time there is nothing can do well  
things done by another person; besides  
that picture in his own words; before  
which time there is nothing can do well  
things done by another person; before  
beginning the Poem's Development

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## Vpon the incomparable Poems of Mr William Drummond.

To praise these Poems well where doth require  
The selfe-same spirit, and that sacred fire  
That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose  
But pay an admiration to a Muse  
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,  
From Climes so neare the Beare, so bright a worth;  
And I beleive the Caledonian Bow'r  
Are full as pleasant, and as rich in flow'rs  
As Tempe o're was fam'd, since they have nourish'd  
A wit the most sublime that ever flourisht;  
There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,  
Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,  
But such an ardour as creates the spring,  
And throws a chearfulness on every thing;  
Such a sweet calmness runs through every verse  
As shews how he delighted to converse  
With silence, and his Muse, among those shades  
Which care, nor busie tumult, e're invades;  
There would he oft, the adventures of his loves  
Relate unto the Fountaines, and the groves,  
In such a straine as Laura had admir'd  
Her Petrarch more, had he been so inspir'd.  
Some, Phœbus gives, a smooth and streaming veine,  
A great and happy fancy some attaine,  
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;  
But here he hath so crowded all his gifts,

*As if he had design'd in one to try,  
To what a pitch he could bring Poetry ;  
For every grace should be receive a Crown,  
There were not Bays enough in Helicon :  
Fame courts his Verse, and with immortall wings  
Hovers about his Monument, and brings  
A deathlesse trophy to his memory ;  
Who, for such honour, would not wiste to dye ?  
Never could any times afford a Story  
Of one so match'd unto great Sidney's glory ;  
Or Fame so well divided, as between  
Penshurst's renowned shades, and Hawthornden.*

**Edw: Phillips.**



**Joanni**



*Ioanni Scoto, Scoto-Tarvatio Equiti  
praelustri de Literatura optimè merito.*

**T**Arvati immensos recolens labores  
Jure queis partes potiore primas  
Afferam; haud vanis dubiè Laborant  
Pectora curis;

Sive quod divæ Cathedra renidens  
Ultimæ terras habitantis annos,  
Ter quater ternos veluti sacer fons  
Juris, & æqui;

Sive quod Cæcos patræ recessus  
Ut stilo pingat mage qui polito  
Tefqua, & incultas salebras recenti  
Inserat Orbi?

Sive quod vates patriæ minores  
(Forte nescendi serius nec ipsis  
Civibus) toto celebrentur Orbe  
Vindice Scoto?

Blandiores quid memorem Camænas,  
Oris antiquâ prope sede pulsas,  
Sedibus priscis prope restitutas,  
Auspice Scoto?

Orphanos

Orphanos sanis quod & instruendos  
Artibus curæ tibi, censibus, quos  
Ambitu pravo repulere Musis  
Gymnasiarchæ.

Sit licet rarum putatis horum  
Quodlibet curæ specimen, satis sunt  
Dum trai postliminio recordor,  
Te duce fratrem;

Nempe sic olim studio & labore  
Torvus Alcides stygiis ab undis  
Reddidit terris domito Trifauci  
Thesea monstra.

Sic eat, clari hæc monumenta vatis,  
Nesciant ævi imperium severi  
Regia; ast spernant Phlegetonta, & Orci  
Jura superbi.

D. F.

## De Gulielmo Drummondo.

**Q**Uæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine Laudem,  
Et patrös dura respuit aure modos  
Cui possit Latij Buchananum vincere Musis  
Drummondus, patrō maluit ore loqui,  
Major ut est, primas hinc defert Scotia, yates,  
Vix inter Latios, ille secundus erat.

To

# THE ELEGY: OR, THE WINDING-SHEET

To W.D.

Some will not leave that Trust to Friend, nor Heire,  
But their own winding-Sheet themselves prepare ;  
Fearing, perhaps some courser Cloath might shroud  
The wormes descended from their noble Bloud :  
And shalt not thou (that justlier maist suspect  
Far courser stoffe, in such a dull negleit  
Of all the Arts, and dearth of Poetry )  
Compose before hand thine own Elegy ?  
Who but thy selfe is capable to write  
A Verse, or, if they can, to fashion it  
Unto thy Praises ? None can draw a Line  
Of thy perfections, but a hand divine.

If thou wilt needs impose this Task on us,  
( A greater Work than best Wits can discusse )  
We will but only so far Embleme Thee,  
As in a circle, men, the Deity.

A wreath of Bayes we'll lay upon thy Herse ;  
For that shall speake Thee better than our Verse :  
That art in number of those Things, whose end,  
Nor whose beginning we can comprehend.

A Star, which did the other Day appeare,  
To enlighten up our dark'ned Hemisphære :  
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,  
Yet feele the heat of thy admired flame.

'Twas thou that thaw'd our North, 'twas thou didst clearre  
The eternall mists which had beset us here,  
Till by thy golden Beames and powerfull Ray  
Thou chas'd hence Darknesse, and brought out the Day.

But as the Sun, though he bestow all Light  
On us, yet bindes by the same our sight  
To gaze on him ; So thou, though thou dispence  
Far more on us by thy bright influence,  
Yet such is thy transcendent brightness, we  
Thereby are dazzled, and cannot reach thee ;  
Then art thou less'ned, should we bound thy Praise  
To our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raise  
Themselves beyond a vulgar Theame, nor flye  
A pitch like unto thine in Poesie ;  
Yet (as the greatest Kings have sometimes dain'd  
The smallest Presents from a poore mans hand ;  
When pure devotion gave them) it may be  
Your Genius will accept a mite from me :  
It speaks my Love, although it reach not you ;  
And you are praised, when I would so do.

John Spotswood.



THE  
COURTLY  
THE  
THE

## To William Drummond of Hawthornden.

I Never rested on the Muses bed,  
Nor dip<sup>t</sup> my Quill in the Thessalian Fontaine,  
My rustick Muse was rudely fostered,  
And flies too low to reach the double mountaine.

Then do not sparkes with your bright Suns compare,  
Perfection in a Womans worke is rare ;  
From an untroubled mind shoul<sup>d</sup> Verses flow ;  
My discontents makes mine too muddy shew ;  
And boar<sup>s</sup>e encumbrances of household care  
Where these remaine, the Muses ne're repaire.

If thou dost extoll her Haire,  
Or her Ivory Forehead faire,  
Or those Stars whose bright reflection  
Thrals thy heart in sweet subjection :  
Or when to display thou seeks  
The snow-mixt Roses on her Cheeke<sup>s</sup>,  
Or those Rubies soft and sweet,  
Over those pretty Rows that meet.  
The Chian Painter as ashame<sup>d</sup>  
Hides his Picture so far fam'd ;  
And the Queen be carv'd it by,  
With a blush her face doth dye,  
Since those Lines do limne a Creature  
That so far surpass her Feature.

When

When thou shew'st how fairest Flora  
Pranks with pride the banks of Ora,  
So thy Verse her stremes doth honour;  
Strangers grow enamoured on her,  
All the Swans that swim in Po  
Would their native brooks forgo,  
And as loathing Phœbus beames,  
Long to bathe in cooler streames.  
Tree-turn'd Daphne would be seen  
In her Groves to flourish green,  
And her Boughs would gladly spare  
To frame a garland for thy haire,  
That fairest Nymphs with finest fingers  
May thee crown the best of singers.

But when thy Muse dissolv'd in shov'rs,  
Wailes that peerlesse Prince of ours,  
Cropt by too untimely Fate,  
Her mourning doth exasperate  
Senselesse things to see thee moane,  
Stones do weep, and Trees do groane,  
Birds in aire, Fishes in flood,  
Beasts in field forsake their food;  
The Nymphs forgoing all their Bow'r's  
Teare their Chaplets deckt with Flow'r's;  
Sol himselfe with misty vapor  
Hides from earth his glorious Tapors,  
And as mov'd to heare thee plaine  
Shews his grieve in shov'rs of raine.

## Mary Oxlie of Morpet.



# POEMS.

## The First Part.

IN my first Prime, when childish Humours fed  
My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Bliss  
Lies in a loving Eye, or amorous Kisse,  
Or with what Sighs a Lover warmes his Bed;  
By the sweet *Thespian* Sisters Errour led,  
had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,  
And so to praise a perfect Red and White,  
But [God wote] knew not what was in my Head,  
Love smil'd to see me take so great Delight,  
To turne thole *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,  
And that I might more *Mysteries* behold,  
He let so faire a *Volume* to my Sight,  
That I *Ephemerides* laid aside,  
Glad on this blushing Book my Death to read.

## SON.

I know that all beneath the *Moon* decaies,  
 And what by Mortalls in this World is brought,  
 In *7 times* great Periods shall retурne to nought;  
 That fairest *States* have fatall Nights and *Daisies*.  
 I know that all the *Muses* heavenly Layes,  
 With Toyle of Spright, which are so dearely bought,  
 As *idle sounds*, of few, or none are sought,  
 That there is nothing lighter than vaine Praise.  
 I know fraile *Braney* like the purple Floure,  
 To which one Morne oft Birth and Death affords,  
 That Love a jarring is of Minds Accords,  
 Where *Sense* and *Will* bring under Reasons Power:  
 Know what I list, this all can not me move,  
 But that (*alas*) I both must write, and love.

## SON.

YE who so curiously do paint your Thoughts,  
 Enlightnaing ev'ry Line in such a guise,  
 That they seem rather to have fallen from Skies,  
 Than of a humane Hand by mortall Draughts.  
 In one Part *Sorrow* so tormented lies,  
 As if his Life at ev'ry Sigh would part;  
 Love Here blindfolded stands with Bow and Dart,  
 There *Hope* looks pale, *Despaire* with flaming Eyes:  
 Of my rude Pensill look not for such Art,  
 My Wit I find too little to devise  
 So high Conceptions to expresse my smart,  
 And some say *Love* is faign'd that's too too wise.  
 These troubled Words and Lines confus'd you find,  
 Are like unto their Modell, *my sick Mind*.

POEMS.

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SON.

Aye me, and I am now the Man whose Muse  
In happier Times was wont to laugh at Love,  
And those who suff'red that blind Boy abuse  
The noble Gifts were given them from above.  
What Metamorphose strange is this I prove?  
My selfe now scarce I find my selfe to be,  
And thinke no Fable Ceres Tyrannie,  
And all the Tales are told of changed Jove;  
Verine hath taught with her Philosophy  
My mind unto a better Course to move,  
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove  
Affections Power, but what is that to me?  
Who ever thinke, and never thinke on Ought  
But that bright Cherubine which thralls my Thought.

SON.

How that waste Heaven intitl'd First is rol'd,  
If any glancing Towres beyond it be,  
And People living in Eternity,  
Or Essence pure that doth this All uphold:  
What motion have those fixed Sparkes of Gold,  
The wandring Carbuncles which shine from high,  
By Sprights, or Bodies crofle-waies in the Skie,  
If they be turn'd, and mortall Things behold.  
How Sun posts Heaven about, how Nighe pale Queen  
With borrowed Beames lookes on this hanging Round,  
What cause faire Iris hath, and Monsters scene  
In Aires large Fields of light, and Seas profound,  
Did hold my wandring Thoughts; when thy sweet Eye  
Bade me leave all, and only thinke on Thee.

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POEMS.

S O N.

Faire is my Yoake, though grievous be my Paines,  
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,  
My Bit is Gold, though shortened be the Reines,  
My Bondage brave, though I may not depart,  
Although I burne, the Fite which doth impart  
Those Flames, so sweet reviving Force containes,  
That like *Arabia's* Bird my wasted Heart  
Made quick by Death, more lively still remaines.  
I joy though oft my waking Eyes spend Teares,  
I never want Delight, even when I grone,  
Best companied when most I am alone,  
A Heaven of Hopes I have midst Hells of Feares.  
Thus every way Contentment strange I find,  
But most in Her rare Beauty, my rare Mind.

S O N.

Vaunt not, fair *Heavens*, of your two glorious Lights,  
Which though most bright, yet see not when they  
And shining, cannot show their Beames divine (shine,  
Both in one Place, but part by Daises and Nights ;  
*Earth* vaunt not of those Treasures ye enshrine,  
Held only deare, because hid from our Sights,  
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,  
Snow-passing Ivory that the Eye delights.  
Nor *Seas* of those deare Wares are in you found  
Vaunt not, rieh Pearle, red Corall which do stir  
A fond desire in Fooles to plunge your Ground ;  
These all more faire are to be had in Her :  
Pearle, Ivory, Corall, Diamond, Suns, Gold,  
Teeth, Neck, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Haire are to behold.

When

P O E M S.

S O N.

V V Hen Nature now had wonderfully wrought  
All *Auristellas* Parts, except her Eyes,  
To make those Twins two Lamps in *Beauties Skies*,  
She Counsell of her *Starry Senate* sought.

*Mars* and *SpoNo* first did her advise,  
To wrap in Colour Black, those Comets bright,  
That *Love* him so might soberly disguise,  
And unperceived Wound at every Sight.

*Chaste Phœbe* spake for purest azure dies ;  
But *Jove* and *Venus* green about the Light,  
To frame thought best, as bringing most Delight,  
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for aye arise :

*Nature* [all said] a *Paradise* of green

There plac'd, to make all love which have them seen.

S O N.

N Ow while the *Night* her sable Vaile hath spred,  
And silently her resty Coach doth rolle,  
Rowling with Her from *Tethis* azure Bed,  
Those starry *Nymphs* which dance about the Pole,  
While *Cynthia* in purest Cipres cled,  
The *Lamian* Shepheard in a Trance descries,  
And looking pale from height of all the Skies,  
She dies her Beauties in a blushing Red,  
While *Sleep* (in Triumph) closed hath all Eyes,  
And Birds, and Beasts a Silence sweet do keep,  
And *Proteus* monstrous People in the Deep,  
The Winds and Waves (husht up) to rest entise,  
I wake, I turne, I weep opprest with Paine,  
Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Braine.

POEMS.

S O N.

**S**leep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,  
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortals brings,  
Indifferent Host to Shepheards and to Kings,  
Sole Comforter of Minds which are opprest.  
Loe, by thy Charming Rod all breathing Things  
Lie slumbering, with Forgetfulness possest,  
And yet o're me to spread thy drowsie Wings  
Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face  
To inward Light which thou art wont to shew,  
With fained Solace ease a true felt Woe ;  
Or if *deafe* God thou do deny that Grace,  
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,  
I long to kisse the *Image of my Death*.

S O N.

**F**AIRE Moone who with thy cold and silver Shine,  
Makes sweet the Horror of the dreadfull *Nights*,  
Delighting the weake Eyc with smiles divine,  
Which *Phebus* danels with his too much Light,  
Bright Queen of the *first Heaven*, if in thy Shrine  
By turning oft, and Heavens eternall Might,  
Thou hast not yet that once sweet *Fire* of thine  
*Endemion*, forgot, and Lovers Plight ;  
If Cause like thine may Pity breed in thee,  
And Pity somewhat else to it obtaine,  
Since thou hast Power of Dreames as well as He  
That holds the golden Rod, and Morall Chaine :  
Now while She sleeps in dolefull Guise her Show,  
These Teares, and the black *Map* of all my Woe.

## SON.

L Ampe of Heavens Christall Hall that brings the  
Eye-dazeler, who makes the ugly *Night* (Houres,  
At thy Approach flie to her slumbry Bowres,  
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.  
Life of all lives, Death-giver by thy flight  
To the south Pole from these sixe Signes of ours,  
Gold-smith of all the Stars, with Silver bright  
Who *Moone* enamells, *Apelles* of the Flowers,  
*Ab* from those watry Plaines thy golden Head  
Raise up, and bring the so long lingring *Morne*,  
A Grave, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,  
This Bed so grievously where I am torne :

But *wae is* me though thou now brought the Day,  
Day shall but serve moe Sorrows to display.

POEMS.

SONG.

**I**T was the time when to our Northerne Pole  
The brightest Lamps of Heaven begins to rolle,  
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,  
And scorning Skies her Floweres in Rain-bows beareth,  
On which the Aire moist Diamonds doth bequeath,  
Which quake to feele the kissing Zephires breath:  
When Birds from shady Groves their Love forth warble,  
And Sea-like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Mar-  
When I in simple course free from all Cares, (ble.  
Far from the muddy Worlds inflaving snares.  
By Oras flowry Bankes alone did wander:  
Ora that sports her like to old Meander,  
A Flond more worthy Fame and lasting praise  
Then that so high which Phaëtons fall did raise:  
By whose pure moving Glasse the Milke-white Lillies  
Do dresse their tresses and the Daffadillies.  
Where Ora with a Wood is crown'd about  
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,  
A place there is, where a delicious Fountaine  
Springs from the swelling brest of a proud Mountaine,  
Whose falling Streames the quiet Cavernes wound,  
And make the Echoes shrill resound that sound.  
The Lawrell there the shing Channell graces,  
The Palm her Love with long stretch'd Arms embraces  
The Poplar spreads her Branches to the Skie,  
And hides from sight that azure Canopy.  
The Streams the Trees, the Trees their leaves still nourish  
That Place grave Winter finds not without flourish.  
If living Eyes Elysian fields could see  
This little Arden might Elysium be.  
Oft did Diana there her selfe repose,  
And Mars the Acidalian Queen enclose.

The Nymphs oft here their baskets bring with Flow'rs,  
 And Anadems weave for their Paramours,  
 The Satyres in those shades are heard to languish,  
 And make the Shepheards partners of their anguish,  
 The Shepheards who in Barkes of tender Trees  
 Do grave their Loves, Disdaines, and Jealousies :  
 Which Phillis when there by Her Flocks she feedeth,  
 With Pitty now, anon, with laughter readeth.

Neare to this place when Sun in midst of Day  
 In highest top of Heaven his Coach did stay,  
 And (as advising) on his Career glanced  
 As all along, that morne he had advanced  
 His panting Steeds along those Fields of light,  
 Most princely looking from that glorious height :  
 When most the Grasshoppers are heard in Meadows,  
 And loftiest Pines or small, or have no shadows :  
 It was my hap, O wofull hap ! to bide  
 Where thickest shades me from all Raies did hide,  
 In a faire Arbor, 'twas some Sylvans Chamber,  
 Whose Seeling spred was with the Locks of Amber  
 Of new bloom'd Sicamors, Floore wrought with Flow'rs,  
 More sweet and rich than those in Princes Bow'rs.  
 Here Adon blusht, and Clitia all amazed  
 Lookt pale, with Him who in the Fountaine gazed,  
 The Amaranthus swyl'd, and that sweet Boy  
 Which sometime was the God of Delos joy :  
 The brave Carnation, speckled Pinke here shined,  
 The Violet her fainting Head declined  
 Beneath a sleepy Chasbow, all of Gold  
 The Marigold her leaves did here unfold.

Now while that ravish'd with delight and wonder,  
 Halfe in a trance I lay those Arches under,  
 The season, silence, place, began' entise,  
 Eyes drowsie lids to bring Night on their Skies,  
 Which softly having stollen themselves together  
 (Like evening Clozds) me plac'd I wot not whether.

*As Cowards leave the Fort which they should keep,  
My senses overs by one gave place to Sleep,  
Who followed with a troupe of golden Slumbers  
Thrall from my quiet Braine all base encumbers,  
And thrice me touching with his Rod of Gold,  
A Heaven of Visions in my Temples roll'd,  
To countervale those Pleasures were bereft me,  
Thou in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.*

*Me thought through all the neighbour Woods a noise  
Of Quiristers, more sweet than Lute or voice,  
( For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given  
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd Heaven,  
Such aires, and nothing else ) did wound mine Eare,  
No Soule but would become all Eare to heare :  
And whilst I listning lay, O lovely wonder !  
I saw a pleasant Mirele cleave asunder ;  
A Mirele great with birth, from whose rent wombe  
Three naked Nymphs more white than Snow forth come.  
For Nymphs they seem'd, about their heavenly faces  
In Waves of Gold flo'ted their curling Treffes,  
About their armes, their Armes more white than milke,  
They blushing Armelets wore of crimson Silke.  
The Goddesses were such that by Scamander,  
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander :  
Aglaia and her Sisters such perchance  
Be when about some sacred Spring they dance.  
But scarce the Grove their naked Beauties graced,  
And on the Verdure had each other traced,  
When to the Floud they ran, the Floud in Robes  
Of curling Christall their brests Ivory Globes  
Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure  
To show white Snows throughout her liquid Azure.  
Look how Prometheus Man when heavenly fire  
First gave him Breath, Dais Brandon did admire,  
And wondred at this Worlds Amphitheater:  
So gaud I on those new guests of the Water.*

All three were faire, yet one excell'd as far  
The rest as Pucebus doth the Cyprian Star,  
Or Diamonds, small Gems, or Gems do other,  
Or Pearls that shining shell is call'd their Mother.

Her Haire more bright than are the Mornings Beams  
Hung in a golden shower above the Stremes,  
And dangling sought her fore-head for to cover,  
Which seen did straight a Skie of Milke discover,  
With two faire Brows, Loves Bows which never bend  
But that a golden Arrow forth they send.  
Beneath the which two burning Planets glancing  
Flasht flames of Love, for Love there still is dancing.  
Her either Cheeke resembled blushing Morne,  
Or Roses Gueles in field of Litties borne:  
Twixt which an Ivory Wall so faire is raised,  
That it is but abased when it's praised.  
Her Lips like Rows of Corall soft did swell,  
And th' one like th' other only doth excell:  
The Tyrian Fish looks pale, pale look the Roses,  
The Rubies pale, when mouth sweet Cherry closer.  
Her Chin like silver Phisbe did appeare  
Darke in the midst to make the rest more cleare:  
Her Neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias Master,  
Most smooth, most white, a peice of Alabaster.  
Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her brest,  
Which did their tops with Corall red encroft:  
There all about as Brookes them sport at leisure,  
With Circling Branches veines did swell in azure:  
Within those crookes are only found those Isles  
Which Fortunate the dreaming old World stiles.  
The rest the Stremes did hide, but as a Lilly  
Sunk in a Christals faire transparent Belly.

I who yet humane weaknesse did not know,  
(For yet I had not felt that Archers Bow,  
Nor could I thinke that from the coldest Water  
The winged Tongling burning Flames could scatter)

On every part my vagabonding sight  
 Did cast, and drowne mine Eyes in sweet Delight,  
 O wondrous thing (said I) that Beauty is named !  
 Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,  
 And never found in all my flying Dales  
 Joy unto this, which only merits praise.

My pleasures have been paines, my comforts crosses,  
 My treasure poverty, my gaines but losses.

O precious sight ! which none doth else descry  
 Except the burning Sun, and quivering I.

And yet O deare-bought SIGHT ! O would for ever  
 I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never !

O happy Floud ! if so ye might abide,  
 Yet ever glory of this Moments Pride,  
 Adjure your Rilles all for to behold Her,  
 And in their Christall Armes to come and fold Her ;  
 And sith ye may not long this Bliss embrase,  
 Draw thousand Portraits of Her on your Face,  
 Pourtraits which in my Heart be more apparent,  
 If like to yours my Brest but were transparent.

O that I were while She doth in you play,  
 A Dauphine to transport Her to the Sea !  
 To none of all those Gods I would Her render,  
 From Thule to Inde though I should with Her wander.  
 Oh ! what is this ? the more I fixe mine Eye,  
 Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espie,  
 The more I spie, the more in uncouth fashion  
 My Soule is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.

But looke not Eyes, (as more I would have said )  
 A sound of ratling Wheeles me all dismayd,  
 And with the sound forth from the trembling Rushes,  
 With storme-like course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,  
 A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheeles were Gold,  
 The Nails, and Axel Gold on which it roll'd :  
 The upmost part a Scarlet Vaire did cover,  
 More rich than Danes Lap spred with her Lover.

In midſt of it in a triumphing Chaire,  
A Lady ſate miraculously faire,  
Whose peneſive Countenance, and looks of Honour,  
Do more allue the mind that thinketh on Her,  
Than the moft wanton Face, and amorous Eyes,  
That Amathus or flowry Paphos ſees,  
A Crue of Virgins made a Riug about Her,  
The Diamond ſhe they ſeem the Gold without Her.  
Such Thetis is when to the Billows rore  
With Mermaids nice ſhe danceth on the Shore:  
So in a ſable Night the Suns bright Sister  
Among the leſſer twinkling Lights doth glifter  
Faire Yoakes of Ermelines whose Colour paſſe  
The whitest Snows on aged Grampus Face,  
More ſwift than Venus Birds this Chariot guided  
To the astoniſh'd Banke, where as it bided:  
But long it diſnot bide, when poore thofe Streames  
Aye me it made, tranſporting thofe rich Gemmes,  
An aby that Burthen lighter, ſwiftly diuided  
Till (as me thought) it at a Tow'r arrived:  
Upon a Rock of Chrif tall fhining cleare  
With Diamonds wrought this Caſtell did appear,  
Who riſing ſpires of Gold ſo high them reared  
That Atlas-like it ſeem'd the Heaven they beared.  
Amidſt which Hights on Arches did arife  
(Arches which guilt Flames brandiſh to the Skies)  
Of ſparking Topaces, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,  
(Like to a little Heaven) a ſacred Temple.  
The Walls no Windows haue, nay all the Wall  
Is but one Window, Night ſhēre doth not fall  
More when the Sun to Westerne Worlds declineth,  
Than in our Zenith when at Noone He shines.  
Two flaming Hills the paſſage ſtraiſt defend  
Whiſh to this radiant Building doth ascend,  
Upon whose Arching tops on a Pilafte  
A Port stands open, rais'd in Loves Diſaſtre

For none that marrow Bridge and gate can passa,  
Who have their Faces seen in Venus Glasse.  
If those within, but to come forth do venter,  
That stately Place againe they never enter.  
The Precinct's strengthened with a Duct of Eewes,  
In which doth swell a Lake of Inky Teares.  
Of madding Lovers, who abide their moaning,  
And chicken ev'n the Aire with pitious groaning.  
This Hold to brave the Skies the Destines fram'd,  
And then the Fort of Chalitry is nam'd.  
The Queen of the third Heaven once to appall it,  
The God of Thrace Here brought who could not thrall it;  
For which he vow'd no're Arms more to put on,  
And on Riphean Hills was heard to groan.  
Here Psyche's Lover barres his Daris at random,  
Which all for nonght him serve, as doth his Brandon.  
*What grievous Agony did invade my Mind?*  
When in that Place my Hope I saw confin'd,  
Where with high-towring Thoughts I only reacht her,  
Which did burne up their Wings when they approacht her.  
Me thought I set me by a Cypresse shade,  
And Night and Day the Hyacinthe there read:  
And that bewailing Nightingales did borrow  
Plants of my Plaint, and sorrows of my Sorrow.  
My food was Worm-wood, mine own Teares my drinke,  
My rest, on Death and sad Misbaps to thinke.  
And for such Thoughts to have my Heart enlarged,  
And ease mine Eyes with briny Tribute charged,  
Over a Brook I laid my pining Face:  
But then the Brooke as griev'd at my Disgrace,  
A Face Me shew'd so pin'd, sad, over-clouded,  
That at the Sight afrai'd mine Eyes them sorrowded.  
This is the guerdon Love, this is the Game,  
In end which to thy Servants doth remaine.  
More would I say; when Feare made Sleep to leave me,  
And of those farall Shadows did bereave me.

But ah alas ! instead to dreame of Love,  
And Woes, I now them in effect did prova :  
For what into my troubl'd Braine was painted,  
Awak'd I found that Time and Place presented.

## SONNETS.

A H burning Thoughts now let me take some Rest,  
And your tumultuous Broyles a while appease :  
Is't not enough, Stars, Fortune, Love molest  
Me all at once, but ye must too displease ?  
Let Hope (though false) yet lodge within my brest,  
My high Attempt (though dangerous) yet praise :  
What though I trace not right Heavens steppy waies,  
It doth suffice my Fall shall make me blest.  
I do not doas on Daisies, I feare not Death,  
So that my Life be good, I wish't not long ;  
Let me Renown'd live from the Worldly Throng,  
And when Heaven lists, recall this borrowed Breath,  
Men but like Visions are, Time all doth claime,  
He lives who dies to win a lasting Name.

## SON.

T Hat learned Grecian who did so excell  
In Knowledge passing Sense, that he is nam'd  
Of all the after Worlds Drivis, doth tell  
That all the Time when first our Soules are fram'd,  
Ere in these Mansions blind they come to dwell,  
They live bright Rayes of that Eternall light,  
And others see, know, love, in Heavens great height,  
Not toyl'd with ought to Reason do rebell.  
It is most true, for straight at the first sight  
My Mind me told that in some other place  
It elsewhere saw th' Idea of that face,  
And lov'd a love of Heavenly pure delight.  
What wonder now I feele to faire a flame,  
Sith I her lov'd ere on this Earth She came ?

## SON.

**N**or Arne, nor Minojus, nor stately Tiber,  
*Sebethus*, nor the Flood into whose streames  
 He fell who burnt the world with borrowed beames,  
 Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Ibor,  
*Sorgue, Rosne, Loire, Garron*, nor proud-banked Seine,  
*Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ldon,*  
 Nor She whose Nymphes excell her loved Adon  
 Faire Tanaisis, nor Ister large, nor Rheine,  
*Eupbrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,*  
 Pearly Hydaspes, Serpent-like Meander,  
 The Floud which robbed Hero of Leander,  
*Nile* that far far his hidden Head doth range,  
 Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,  
 As Ora where this Northerne Phanix stayes.

## SON.

**T**O heare my plaints faire River Christalline  
 Thou in a silent slumber seems to stay,  
 Delicious Flowers Lilly and Columbine,  
 Ye bow your Heads when I my Woes display.  
 Forrests in you the *Mirle, Palmo* and *Bay*,  
 Have had compassion listning to my groanes,  
 The Winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moanes  
 'Mong leaves, which whisper'd what they could not say,  
 The Caves, the Rocks, the Hills, the *Sylvans* Thrones,  
 (As if even pitty did in them appear,)  
 Have at my sorrow rent their routhlesse stones,  
 Each thing I find hath sence except my Deare,  
 Who doth not thinke I love, or will not know  
 My Griefe, perchance delighting in my woe.

Sweet

## SON.

Sweet Brook, in whose cleare Christall I my eyes  
 Have oft seen great in labour of their teares,  
 Enamell'd Banke whols shining gravel beares  
 These sad Charters of my miseries,  
 High Woods, whols mounting tops me hase the Sphears,  
 Wild Citizens, Amphibius of the Trees,  
 You gloomy Groves, & hottest Noons which freeze i still  
 Elisan shades which Abraham never cleares;  
 Valte solitary Mountaines pleasant Plaines,  
 Embroydred Meads that Oren-waies you reach,  
 Hills, Dales, Springs, All whom my sad cry constraintes  
 To take part of my plaints, and learme woes speach,  
 With that remorlesse faire & pity shew,  
 Of grace now adswere if ye ought knowe? Ne

## SON. I AM

With flaming Horns the Bull now brings the yeare,  
 Melt do the ~~Alpains~~ rouling floods of Snow,  
 The silver Rivers in smooth Channels flow,  
 The Latebare Woods green And Adams do weare.  
 The Nightingall forgetting Winters woe,  
 Calls up the lazy Morne her notes to heare,  
 spread are thole Flow'rs which names of Princes beares,  
 some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.  
 There lowes a Heifer, there be wailing strayes  
 That melesse Lambe, not far a Stag rebounds,  
 The Shepheards sing to grazing flocks sweet Layes,  
 And all about the Echoing Aire resounds.  
 Hills, Dales, Woods, Flouds, & evry thing doth change,  
 But She in rigour, I in Love am strange.

## SON.

**T**HAT I so blentely set forth my Mind,  
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,  
Orecharged with brasse in these so golden Times  
When others towre so high, am left behind.  
I crave not ~~that~~ to leave his sacred Cell  
To bind my Brows with fresh ~~and~~ Baies;  
But leave't to thole who tuning Sweetest Laios  
By Tempe sit, or ~~the~~ upper Well,  
Nor yet to Venus Tree do I aspire,  
Sith She for whom I might afford that praise,  
My bell are empys with cruell worts gainesies,  
And I seek not that others me admire.  
Of weeping ~~where~~ the Crowne is which I crave  
With sad Cypress to adorne my Grave.

## MADRIGALL.

**V**EN as She smiles I finde  
More light before mine Eyes,  
Than when the Sun from Inde  
Brings to our World a flury Paradise:  
But when She gently weeps,  
And poures forth pearly showers,  
On cheeks faire blushing flowers,  
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.  
Both feed so my disease,  
So much both do me please,  
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burnes,  
Love to behold her smile, or Pity mourne.

## SON.

MY Teares may well *Numidias* Lions tame,  
 And Pity breed into the hardest heart  
 That ever *Pyrrhus* did to Maid impart,  
 When She them first of blushing Rocks did frames  
*Ab Eyes* which only serve to waile my smart,  
 How long will you my inward Woes proclaim,  
 May 't not suffice you bear a weeping Part  
 All Night, at day but you must do the same?  
 Cease idle Sighs to spend your Stormies in vaine,  
 And these sweet silent thickets to molest,  
 Containe you in the Prison of my Breast,  
 You do not ease but aggravate my Paine,  
 Or if burst forth you must, that Tempest move  
 In sight of her whom I so dearely love.

## SON.

YOU restlesse Seas appease your roaring Waves,  
 And you who raise huge Mountaines in that Plain  
 Hires Trumpeters, your hideous sounds containe,  
 And listen to the plaints my griefe doth cause.  
 Eternall Lights! though adamantine Laws  
 Of Destinies to move still you ordaine,  
 Turne hither all your Eyes, your Axels pause,  
 And wonder at the Torments I sustaine.  
 And Earth, if thou made dull by my disgrace  
 Be not as senselesse, aske those Powers above  
 Why they so crost a Wretch brought on thy Face,  
 I am'd for mishap, th' *Anchorite of Love*,  
 And bid them (that no more *Ethnes* may burne)  
 To *Erymanth* or *Rhodope* me turne.

## S.O.N.

If crost with all mishaps be my poore Life,  
 If one short day I never spent in mirth,  
 If my Sp'rit with it selfe holds lasting strife,  
 If sorrows death is but new sorrows birth;  
 If this vaine World be but a mournfull Stage,  
 Where Slave-borne Man plaies to the laughing Stars,  
 If Youth be toss'd with Love, with Weaknesse Age,  
 If Knowledge serves to hold our Thoughts in Wars,  
 If Time can close the hundred Mouths of Fame,  
 And make what's long since past, like that's to be,  
 If Virtue only be an Idle Name,  
 If being borne I was but borne to dye ;  
 Why seek I to prolong these loathsome daies ?  
 The fairest Rose in shortest time decays.

## S O N.

All other Beauties howsoe're they shine  
 In Haires more bright than is the golden Ore,  
 Or checks more faire than fairest Eglantine,  
 Or hands like hers that comes the Sun before ;  
 Match'd with that Heavenly Hew, and shape divine,  
 With those deare Stars which my weak thoughts ador,  
 Look but as shadows, or if they be more,  
 It is in this, that they are like to thine.  
 Who sees those Eyes, their force that doth not prove ?  
 Who gazeth on the dimple of that chia,  
 And finds not Venus Son entrench'd therein,  
 Or hath not sense, or knows not what is Love ?  
 To see thee had, Narcissus had the grace,  
 He would have died with wondring on thy Face.

## SEXTAIN.

**T**He Heaven doth not containe so many Stars,  
Nor levell'd lye so many leaves in Woods,  
When Autumnne and cold Boreas sound their Wars;  
So many Waves have not the Ocean Floods,  
As my torn Mind bath torments all the Night,  
And Heart spends Sighs, when Phœbus brings the Light.

Why was I made a Partner of the Light,  
Who crost in birth, by bad aspect of Stars,  
Have never since had happy Day nor Night?  
Why was not I a liver in the Woods,  
Or Citizen of Thetis christall Floods,  
But fram'd a Man for Love and Fortunes Wars?

I look each Day when Death should end the Wars,  
Uncivill Wars twixt Sense and Reasons Light:  
My Paines I count to Mountaines, Meads and Floods,  
And of my sorrow Partners make the Stars,  
All Desolate I haunt the fearfull Woods,  
When I shou'd give my selfe to rest at Night.

With watchfull Eyes I ne'r behold the Night  
Mother of Peace, but shew me of Wars,  
And Cynthia Queen-like shining through the Woods,  
Sur straight those Lamps come in my thought whose Light  
My Judgement dazol'd, passing brightest Stars,  
And then my Eyes in-isle themselves with Floods.

Turne to their Springs againe first shall the Floods,  
Leare shall the Sun the sad and gloomy Night,  
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Stars,  
The Elements renew their ancient Wars  
Shall first, and be depriv'd of Place and Light,  
We find rest in City, Fields, or Woods.

End these my daies you Inmates of the Woods,  
 Take this my Life ye deep and raging Flouds,  
 Sun never rise to cleare me with thy Light,  
 Horror and Darknesse keep a lasting Night,  
 Consume me Care with thy intestine Wars,  
 And stay your Influence o're me bright Stars.

In vaine the Stars, th' Inhabitants o'th' Woods,  
 Care, Horror, Wars I call and raging Floods,  
 For all have sworne no Night shall dim my Sight.

## SON.

**O** Sacred Blush enpurpling Cheeke, pure skies  
 With crimson Wings which spred thee like the  
 O bashfull look sent from those shining eyes, (Morne,  
 Which though slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorne.  
 O Tongue in which most lushtious Nectar lies,  
 That can at once both blesse and make forlorne,  
 Deare corall Lip which Beauty beautifies,  
 That trembling stood before her words were borne.  
 And you her Words, Words no, but golden Chaines  
 Which did inflave my eares, ensnare my soule,  
 Wise Image of her Mind, Mind that containes  
 A power all Power of Senses for to controule;  
 So sweetly you from Love diss Wade do me,  
 That I love more, if more my Love can be.

Sound

## S O N.

Sound hoarse sad Lute true witness of my woe,  
 And strive no more to ease self-chosen paine  
 With soule-enchanting sounds, your accents straine  
 Unto these teares incessantly which flow,  
 Sad treeble weep, and you dull Basses show  
 Your Masters sorrow in a doleful straine;  
 Let never joyfull Hand upon you go,  
 Nor Comfort keep but when you do complain.  
 Fly Phœbus Raies, abhor the irkesome Light,  
 Woods solitary shades for thee are best,  
 Or the black horrours of the blackest Night,  
 When all the World save Thon and I do rest:  
 Then sound sad Lute and beare a mourning part,  
 Thou Hell canst move, though not a Womans Heart.

## S O N.

In vain I haunt the cold and Silver Springs,  
 To quench the Ever burning in my veines,  
 In vain (Lover pilgrim) Mountains, Dales and Plains  
 I over-run, vain help long absence brings,  
 In vain my Friends your Counsell or constraines  
 To fly, and place my Thoughts on other things,  
 As like the Bird that fird hath her Wings,  
 The more I move the greater are my pantes.  
 Desire (alas) Desire a Zealous new,  
 From th' Orient borrowing Gold, from Westerne skies  
 Heavenly Cinabre, lets before my Eyes  
 In every place, her Haire, sweet look, and Hue:  
 That fie, run, rest I, all doth prove but vaine,  
 My life lies in those Eyes which have me slaine.

## SON.

**S**lide soft faire *Fairie*, and make a Christall Plaine,  
**C**ut your white Lockes, and off your foamy Face  
 Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace  
 The Boat that Earths Perfections doth containe.  
*W*inds wonder, and through Wondring hold your pace ;  
 Or if that ye your hearts cannot restraine  
 From sending sighs, *feeling a Lovers Case*,  
 Sigh, and in her faire haire your selves enchaine.  
 Or take these sighs which absence makes arise  
 From my oppressed brest, and fill the sailes,  
 Or some sweet breath new brought from *Paradise* :  
 The flouds do smile, *Love o're the winds prevales* ;  
 And yet huge Waves arise, the caule is this,  
 The Ocean strives with *Forth* the Boat to kisse.

## SON.

**T**rust not sweet soule those curled waves of Gold  
 With gentle Tides that on your Temples flow,  
 Nor Temples spred with Flakes of Virgin snow,  
 Nor snow of Cheeks with *Tyrian* graine entold.  
 Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my woe,  
 When first I did their azure Raies behold,  
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show  
 Than of the *Thracian* Harper have been told :  
 Look to this dying *Lily*, fading *Rose*,  
 Dark *Hyncimbe*, of late whole blushing Beames  
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grasses joyce,  
 And thinke how little is twixt Lifes extremes ;  
 The cruell Tyrant that did kill those Flow'rs  
 Shall once, *ay me*, not spare that Spring of yours.

## SON.

**I**N Minds pure Glass when I my selfe behold,  
 And lively see how my best daies are spent,  
 What clouds of care above my head are told,  
 What comming ill, which I cannot prevent :  
 My course begun I wearied do repent,  
 And would embrace what Reason oft hath told,  
 But scarce thus thinke I, when Love hath controll  
 All the best reasons Reason could invent.  
 Though sure I know my labours end is grieve,  
 The more I strive that I the more shall pine,  
 That only death shall be my last relieve  
 Yet when I thinke upon that face divine,  
 Like one with Arrow shot, in laughters place,  
 Mange my Heart, I joy in my disgrace.

## SON.

**D**EAR Quirister, who from those shadows sends  
 Ere that the blushing Morne dare shew her Light,  
 Such sad lamenting straines, that *Night* attends  
 ( Become all Eare ) Stars stay to heare thy plight.  
 If one whose griete even reach of thought transeends,  
 Who ne're [ not in a Dreame ] did taste Delight,  
 May thee importune who like easie pretends,  
 And seems to joy in woe, in Woes despight.  
 Tell me so may thou *Fortune* milder try,  
 And long long sing ) for what thou thus complaines,  
 Since *Winter's* gone, and *Sun* in dapled skie  
 Enamour'd smiles on Woods and flowry Plaines ?  
 The Bird, as if my questions did her move,  
 With trembling Wings sigr'd forth *I love, I love.*

## SON.

**O** Cruell Beauty, sweetnesse inhumane,  
 That night and day contendes with my desire,  
 And seeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,  
 By Death, not Banisme to ease my pleasant paine.  
 Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aspire  
 And bound my bliss, do not *also* disdaine  
 That I your matchless worth and grace admire,  
 And for their cause these torments sharpe sustaine.  
 Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his death  
 Found in the midst of those *Sicilian* flames,  
 And *Phaeton* that Heaven him rest of breath,  
 And *Dedals* Son who nam'd the *Samian* streames:  
 Their hap I not envy, my praise shall be  
 That the most faire that lives mov'd me to dye.

## SON.

**T**he Hyperborean Hills, Corannus Snow,  
 Or Arimaspes (cruell) first thee bred,  
 The Cappian Tigers with their milke thee fed,  
 And Faunes did humane blond on thee bestow.  
 Fierce *Orichas* lover in thy bed  
 Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,  
 Thou didst not drinke the Flouds which here do flow,  
 But teares, or those by ycie *Tanais* Head.  
 Sith thou disdaines my love, neglects my griefe,  
 Laughs at my groanes, and still affects my death:  
 Of thee, nor Heaven I'll seek no more relieve,  
 Nor longer entertaine this loathsome breath;  
 But yeeld unto my Stars, that thou maiest prove,  
 What losse thou hadst in losing such a Love,

Phaebus

## SONG.

PHOEBUS arise,

And paint the fable Skies  
With azure, white, and red:

Rowse Memmons Mother from her Tythons bed,

That she thy Careere may with Roses spread,

The Nightingales thy comming each whiche sing,

Make an eternall spring.

Give life to this darke World which lyeth dead.

Spread forth thy golden haire

In larger locks than thou wast wont before;

And Emperour-like decore

With Diadems of Pearle thy Temples faire:

Chase hence the ugly Night

Which serves but to make deare thy gloriouss Light.

This is that happy Morne,

That day, long-wished day,

Of all my life so darke,

(If cruell Stars have not my ruine sworne,

And Fates my hopes betray)

Which (purely white) deserves

An everlasting Diamond should it mark,

This is the Morne should bring unto this Grove

My Love, to beare, and recompence my love.

Faire King, who all preserves,

But shew thy blushing Beams,

And thon two sweeter Eyes

Shall see then those which by Penus Streames

Did once thy heart surprise:

Nay, Suns which shine as cleare

As when thon didst to Rome appere.

Now Flora deckt thy selfe in fairest guise,  
If that ye Winds would heare  
A voice surpassing far Amphions lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay.  
Let Zephire only breathe,  
And with her Tresses play,  
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of Death,  
The Winds all silent are,  
And Phœbus in his chaire  
Ensaffranging Sea and Aire,  
Makes vanish every Star:  
Night like a drunkard reeleth  
Beyond the Hills to shun his flaming Wheeles.  
The Fields with flow'rs are deckt in every hue,  
The Clouds with Orient Gold spangle their blow:  
Here is the pleasant place,  
And nothing wanting is save She alas.

## SON.

**V**V Ho hath not seen into her saffran Bed  
The Mornings Goddess mildly her repose,  
Or her of whole pure bloud first sprang the Rose  
Lull'd in a slumber by a Mirtle shade?  
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red  
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close  
In that Jonian Hill, to eale her woes,  
Which only lives by her deare kisses fed?  
Come but and see my Lady sweetly sleep,  
The sifting Rubies of those heavenly lips,  
The Cupids which brefts golden Apples keep,  
Those Eyes which shine in midst of their Ecclipse:  
And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove  
She waking but persuades, now forceth Love.

## SON. I AM

**S**Ec Cithreas Birds, that milk-white paire  
**S**On yonder leavie Mirtle Tree which groene,  
 And waken with their kisses in the Aire  
 Tb' enamour'd Zephires murmuring one by one;  
 If thou but sense hadst like *Pigmalioms* Stone,  
 Or hadst not seen *Medusas* snaky haire,  
*Loves* lessons thou mightst learn: and learn sweet faire,  
 To Summers heat ere that thy *Spring* be growne.  
 And if thole kissing lovers seeme but Cold,  
 Look how that *Elme* this *Ivy* doth embrace,  
 And binds, and claspes with many a wanton fold,  
 And courting Sleep, o'reshadows all the place;  
 Nay, seems to say, deare Tree we shall not part,  
 In sign whereof loe in each leaf a Heart.

## S O N.

**T**He *Sun* is faire when he with crimson Crown,  
 And flaming Rubies leaves his Easterne bed,  
 Faire is *Thaumantias* in her Christall gown  
 When clouds engemm'd shew azure, groen, and red.  
 To Westerne Worlds when wearied Day goes down,  
 And from heavens windows each Star shows her head,  
*Earth's* silent daughter, *Night*, is faire though brown,  
 Faire is the *Moon* though in *Loves* livery cled.  
 The *Spring* is faire when it doth paint Aprill,  
 Faire are the *Meads*, the *Woods*, the *Floods* are faire,  
 Faire looketh *Ceres* with her yellow haire,  
 And *Apples*-*Queene* when *Rose*-checkt she doth smile.  
 That Heaven and Earth, and Seas are faire is true,  
 Yet true that all not please so much as you.

Like

## MADRIGALL.

**L**ike the Idalian Queen  
 Her haire about her Eyne,  
 And necke, on breasts ripe Apples to be seen,  
 At first glance of the Morn  
 In Cyprus Gardens gathering those faire flowers  
 Which of her blood were borne,  
 I saw, but fainting saw my Paramour.  
 The Graeces naked danc'd about the place,  
 The Winds and Trees amaz'd  
 With silence on her gaz'd,  
 The flowers did smile like those upon her face,  
 And as their Aspin stalkes those fingers bind,  
 That she might read my case  
 I wish'd to be a Hyacinth in her hand.

## SON.

**T**hen is she gone ! O foole and coward I !  
**T**o good occasion lost, ne're to be found !  
 What fatall chaines have my dull senses bound,  
 When best they might, that did not Fortune try ?  
 Here is the fainting Grasse where she did lie,  
 With Roses here she stellified the Ground,  
 She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling Pond,  
 Nor time, nor place seem'd ought for to deny.  
 Too long, too long Respect I do embrace,  
 Your Counsell full of threats and sharpe disdaine,  
 Disdaine in her sweet Heart can have no place,  
 And though come there, must straight retire againe :  
 Henceforth Respect farewell, I've heard it told  
 Who lives in love can never be too bold.

What

## SON.

What cruell Star into this World me brought?  
 What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?  
 What unkind hand to nurse me (Orphane) so 151  
 And woold not leave me in eternall night?  
 What thing so deare as I hath essence bought?  
 The Elements dry, hid, heavy, light,  
 The smallest living things which Nature wrought  
 Be freed of woe if they have small delight.  
*Ab* only I abandon'd to Despair,  
 Nail'd to my torments in pale Horrons shade,  
 Like wandring Clouds see all my comforts fled,  
 And ill on ill with Houres my life impaire.  
 The Heavens and Fortune which were wont to turn,  
 Stay in one Mansion fixt to cause me mourn.

## SON.

Dear Eye which daign't on this sad Monument,  
 The yable Scrutie of my mishaps to view,  
 Though it with mourning Muses teares be spent,  
 And darkely drawn, which is not fain'd, but trou'ly  
 If thou not dazell'd with a Heavenly Hue,  
 And comely Feature, didst not yet lament,  
 But happy lives unto thy selfe content,  
 O let not Love thee to his Laws subdue.  
 Look on the wofull ship-wreck of my Youth,  
 And let my ruines thee for Beacon serve,  
 To shun this Rock Capbarean of untruth,  
 And serve no God which doth his Church-men sterves  
 His Kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon teares,  
 What he gives more is Jealousies and Fearts.

## M A D.

**T**O the delightfull Greene  
Of you, faire radiant Einc, W  
Let each black yeeld beneath the Starry Arch,  
Eyes burnisht Heavens of Love, I vno d  
Sinople Lamps of Joye, I vno d  
Save all those hearts which with your flames you parch  
Two burning Suns you prove; agnre gnyd flsland ed  
All other Eyes compar'd with you deare lights, no boitid  
Are Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish Nights, I vno d  
The Heavens [ if we their Glasse, i vno d  
The Sea beleevc ] are green not perfect blew,  
They all make faire what ever faire yet was,  
And they are faire becausle they look like you,

## S O N.

**N**ymps, Sister Nymphs which haunt this christall  
And happy in these floting Bowers abide, Brook,  
Where trembling Rootes of Trees from Sun you hide,  
Which make Idean woods in every Crook;  
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,  
Or pearly letters seek in landy Book,  
Or count your Loves when *That is* was a Bride,  
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.  
Read in mine Eyes my agonizing Cares,  
And what ye read, recount to her againe:  
*Faire Nymphs* say all these stremes are but my Teares,  
And if she aske you how they sweet remaine,  
Tell that the bitt'rest teares which Eyes can poure,  
When shed for her can be no longer sowre.

She

## SON.

She whose faire flowers no *Autumne* makes decay,  
 Whose Hue Cœlestiall, earthly hues doth staine,  
 Into a pleasant odoriferous Plaine  
 Did walke alone to brave the pride of *May*.  
 And whilst through flowry Lysts she made her way,  
 That proudly smil'd her sight to entertaine,  
 Lor,unawares where *Love* did bid remaine  
 She spied, and sought to make of him her prey :  
 For which of golden locks a fairest haire  
 To bind the Boy she took, but he affraid  
 At her approach sprang swiftly in the Aire,  
 And mounting far from reach, lookt back and said,  
 Why shouldest thou [weet] me seek in chaines to bind,  
 Sith in thy eyes I dayly am confind?

## MAD.

Weet Rose whence is this hue  
 Which doth all hues excell ?  
 Whence this molt fragrant smell ?  
 And whence this forme and gracing grace in you ?  
 In faire *Pasturas* fields perhaps you grew,  
 Or *Hyblas* Hills you bred,  
 Or odoriferous *Ennas* Plaines you fed,  
 Or *Tmolus*, or where bore yong *Adon* new ;  
 Or hath the Queen of Love you died of new  
 That deare Bloud, which makes you look so red ?  
 No, none of thole, but *Cause* more high you blist,  
 My Ladies Brest you bore, her Lips you Kiss.

## MADRIGALL.

**O**N this cold World of ours,  
*Flow'r of the Seasons, Season of the Flow'rs,*  
*Sun of the Sun, sweet Spring,*  
*Such hot and burning daies why doſt thou bring ?*  
*Is it because those high Eternall Pow'rs*  
*Flash down that Fire this World environing ?*  
*Or that now Phœbus keeps his Sisters ſphere ?*  
*Or doth ſome Phaëton*  
*Enflame the Sea and Aire ?*  
*Or rather iſt not uſer of the Year,*  
*Or that laſt day among the Flow'rs alone*  
*Unmask'd thou ſaw'ſt my Faire ?*  
*And whiſt thou on her gaz'd ſhe did thee burne,*  
*And to thy Brother Summer doth thee turne.*

## SON.

**D**EAR Wood, and you ſweet solitary Place,  
*Where I eſtranged from the vulgar live,*  
*Contented more with what your shades me give,*  
*Than if I had what *That* doth embrace :*  
*What ſnaky Eye grown jealous of my pace,*  
*Now from your ſilent Horrores would me drive ?*  
*When Sun advancing in his glorious race*  
*Beyond the *Twins*, doth neare our Pole arrive.*  
*What ſweet delight a quiet life affords,*  
*And what it is to be from bondage free,*  
*Far from the madding Worldeſlings hoarle diſcordeſ,*  
*Sweet flowry place I firſt did learme of thee.*  
*Ah if I were mine owne, your deare reſorts*  
*I would not change with *Princes ſtarkeleſt Courts.**

## SON.

A H who can see those fruits of *Paradise*,  
 A Coelestiall Cherries which so sweetly swell,  
 That *Sweetnesse* selfe confind there seemes to dwell,  
 And all those sweetest Parts about despite?  
 Ab who can see and feele no Flame surprise  
 His hardened heart? For me ~~am~~ too well  
 I know their Force, and how they do excell,  
 Now through desire I burne, and now I freeze,  
 I dye / deare Life Janesse to me be given  
 As many kisses as the *Spring* hath Flow'rs,  
 Or there be silver drops in *Iris* Show'rs,  
 Or stars there be in all-embracing Heaven;  
 And it displeas'd ye of the Match-complaine,  
 Ye shall have leave to take them back againe.

## SON.

I S't not enough (ay me) me thus to see  
 Like some Heaven-banish'd Ghost still wailing go,  
 A Shadow which your Raies do only show;  
 To vexe me more, unlesse ye bid me die;  
 What could ye worste allot unto your Foe?  
 But die will I, so ye will not deny  
 That grace to me which mortall Foes even try,  
 To chuse what sort of Death shall end my woe.  
 Once did I find that whiles you did me kisse,  
 Ye gave my panting soule so sweet a touch,  
 That halfe I fownd in midst of all my Blisse,  
 I do but crave my Deaths-wound may be such  
 For though by Griefe I die not and annoy,  
 Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

## M A D.

**V**Nhappy Light,  
Do not approach to bring the wofull Day,  
When I must bid for aye  
Farewell to her, and live in endlesse plight.  
Faire Moon with gentle Beames  
The fift who never mars,  
Cleare long-Heavens sable Vault, and you bright Stars  
Your golden Lockes long view in Earths pure streameas;  
Let Phœbus never rise  
To dim your watchfull Eyes.  
Prolong (alas) prolong my short delights,  
And if ye can make an Eternall Night.

## S O N.

**V**Vith griefe in Heart, and tears in swelling Eyes,  
When I to her had given a sad Fare-well,  
Close sealed with a Kisse, and Dew which fell  
On my else-moistned Face from Beauties Skies;  
So strange Amazement did my Mind surprise,  
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd againe,  
Like one whom a Torpedo stupifies,  
Not feeling Honours Bit, nor Reasons Raines.  
But when fierce Stars to part me did constraine,  
With back-cast Looks, I both enyi'd and bles'd  
The happy Walls and Place did her containe,  
Untill my eyes that flying Object miss'd;  
So Wailing parted Ganymede the faire,  
Whom Eagles Talents bore him through the Aire.

## SEXTAIN.

*She gone is my Delight and only Pleasure,  
The last of all my Hopes, the chearefull Sun  
That clear'd my lifes dark Spheare, Natures sweete Treasur,  
More deare to me than all beneath the Moon,  
What resteth now but that upon this Mountain  
I weep, till Heaven transforme me to a Fountaine?*

*Fresh, faire, delicious, christall, pearly Fountaine,  
On whose smooth face to look (he oft took Pleasure,  
Tell me (so may thy streames long cheare this Mountaine,  
So Serpent ne're thee staine, nor scorch thee Sun,  
So may with watry beames thee kesse the Moone)  
Dost thou not mourne to want so faire a Treasure?*

*While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus Treasure,  
Thou neededst not envy, nor yet the Fountaine,  
In which that Hunter saw the naked Moon,  
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy Wealth and Pleasure,  
And I remaine like Marigold of Sun  
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some Mountaine.*

*Nymphs of the Forrests, Nymphs who on this Moun-  
Are wont to dance, shewing your Beauties Treasure (taint  
To Goat-feet Sylvans; and the wondring Sun,  
When as you gather flow'rs about this Fountaine,  
Bid her farewell who placed here her Pleasure,  
And sing her praises to the Stars and Moone.*

*Among the lesser lights as is the Moon,  
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos Mountaine,  
Or when she views her silver Locks for Pleasure  
In Thetis streames, proud of so gay a Treasure,  
Such was my Faire when She sat by this Fountaine  
With other Nymphs to shun the amorous Sun.*

*As is our Earth in absence of the Sun,  
Or when of Sun deprived is the Moon,  
As is without a verdant shade a Fountaine,  
Or wanting grass, a Mead, a Vale, a Mountaine;  
Such is my state, bereft of my deare Treasure,  
To know whose only world was all my Pleasure.*

*Ne're thinke of Pleasure Heart, Eyes from the Sun,  
Teares be your Treasure, which the wandring Moon  
Shall see you shed by Mountaine, Vale, and Fountaine.*

## SON.

**V**indow sometime which served for a Spheare  
To that deare Planet of my heart, whose light  
Made often blush the glorious Queen of Night,  
While *She* in thee more beautious did appeare,  
What mourning weeds (*alas*) dost thou now weare ?  
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight ?  
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheare,  
Since sets that Sun which made thee shine so bright ?  
Unhappy now thee close, for as of late  
To wondring Eyes thou wert a Paradise,  
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,  
A gulf thou art whence clouds of sighs arise :  
But unto none sooylome as to me,  
Who hourly sees my murthered joyes in thee.

How

## SON.

**H**ow many times *Nights silent Queen* her face  
 Hath hid, how oft with Stars in silver Maske,  
 In Heavens great Hall, she hath begun her Taske,  
 And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place ?  
 How oft the *Sun* hath made by Heavens swift race  
 The happy Lover to forsake the Brest  
 Of his deare Lady, wishing in the West  
 His Golden Coach to run had larger space ?  
 I ever count and tell since I alas  
 Did bid Farewell to my Hearts dearest Guest,  
 The Miles I number, and in mind I chase,  
 The flocks and Mountaines hold me from my rest.  
 But woe is me, long count and count may I,  
 Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

## SON.

**O**f Death some tell, some of the cruell Paine  
 Which that bad Crafts-man in his Work did triē,  
 When [ a new Monster ] flames once did constraine  
 A humane Corps to yeeld a bellowing Cry.  
 Some tell of those in burning Beds who lie,  
 Because they durst in the *Phlegrean* Plaine  
 The mighty Ruler of the Skies defie,  
 And siege those chrystall Tow'rs which all containe,  
 An other counts of *Phlegethōns* hot floods,  
 The Soules which drinke *Ixions* endleſſe smart,  
 And his who feeds a Vulture with his heart,  
 One tells of Spectres in enchanted Woods :  
 Of all those Paines the extreamest who would prove,  
 Let him be absent and but burne in Love.

## SON.

**H**Aire, precious haire, which *Midas* hand did strain,  
Part of the Wreath of gold that crowns those  
Which *Winters* whitest white in whitenes stain, (brows  
And lilly by *Eridans* banke that grows.

Haire [fatall present] which first caus'd my woes,  
When loose ye hang like *Danae's* golden raine,  
Sweet Nets which sweetly do all hearts enchain,  
Strings deadly strings, with which *Love* bends his bows.  
How are ye hither come, tell me O haire ?  
Deare Armelet, for what thus were ye given ?  
I know, a badge of bondage I you weare,  
Yet haire for you O that I were a *Heaven* !

Like *Berenices Locks*, that ye might shine,  
(But brighter far) about this Arme of mine.

## SON.

**A**Re these the flowry banks ? Is this the *Mead*  
Where *she* was wont to passe the pleasant houres ?  
Was't here her Eyes exhal'd mine eyes salt shew'rs,  
And on her lap did lay my wearied Head ?  
Is this the goodly *Elme* did us o'respread,  
Whose tender Rine, cut forth in curjous flow'rs  
By that white hand, containses those flames of Ours ?  
Is this the murmuring *Spring* us musick made ?  
Deflourisht *Mead*, where is your heavenly hue ?  
And Banke, that *Arras* did you late adorne ?  
How look'ſt thou *Elme* all withered and forlorne ?  
Only sweet *Spring* nought altered seems in you.

But while here chang'd each other thing appears,  
To salt your streames take of mine Eyes these tears.

## SON.

**A** Lexis here she stay'd, among these Pines,  
 Sweet Hermitesse she did all alone repaire;  
 Here did she spread the Treasure of her Haire,  
 More rich than that brought from the Colekian Mines.  
 Here sate she by these musket Eglantines,  
 The happy flow'r's seeme yet the print to beare,  
 Her voice did sweeten here thy sugred lines,  
 To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds, did lend an Ear.  
 She here me first perceiv'd, and here a Morn  
 Of bright Carnations did o'respread her Face ;  
 Here did she sigh, here first my Hopes were borne,  
 Here first I got a Pledge of promis'd Grace :  
 But ah what servest t' have been made happy so ?  
 Sith passed Pleasures double but new woe.

## SON.

**P**lace me where angry Titan burns the More,  
 And thirsty Africk fiery Monsters brings,  
 Or where the new-borne Phoenix spreads her Wings,  
 And troupes of wondring Birds her flight adore.  
 Place me by Gange or Indes enamell'd shore,  
 Where smiling Heavens on Earth cause double Springs ;  
 Place me where Neptunes Quire of Syrens sings,  
 Or where made hoarse through Cold he leaves to roare.  
 Place me where Fortune doth her Darlings crown,  
 A Wonder or a sparke in Envies Eye,  
 Or you outragious Fates upon me frown,  
 Till Pitty wailing see distrest Me ;  
 Affections print my mind so deep doth prove,  
 I my forget my Selfe ; but not my Love.

The

## MADRIGALL.

**T**he Ivory, Corall, Gold,  
 Of brest, of lip, of haire,  
 So lively Sleep doth shew to inward sight,  
 That wake I thinke I hold  
 No Shadow, but my Faire :  
 My selfe so to deceive  
 With long-slowt Eyes I shun the irkesome Light.  
 Such pleasure here I have  
 Delighting in false gleames,  
 If Death Sleeps Brother be,  
 And Somes bereft of sense have so sweet Dreame ;  
 How could I wist thus still to dreame and dye.

## SON.

**F**ame, who with golden wings abroad doth range  
 Where Phœbus leaves the Night or brings the Day,  
 Fame, in one place who restlesse dost not stay  
 Till thou hast flown from *Atlas* unto *Gange* ;  
 Fame, Enemy to Time, that still doth change,  
 And in his changing Course would make decay.  
 What here below he findeth in his way,  
 Even making *Virtue* to her selfe look strange:  
 Daughter of Heaven ; Now all thy Trumpets sound,  
 Raife up thy Head unto the highest Skie,  
 With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found,  
 And when she from this mortall Globe shall flie,  
 In thy wide Mouth keep long, keep long her Name;  
 So thou by her, she by thee live shall *Fame*.



# POEMS.

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## The Second Part.

O F mortall Glory O soone dark'ned Ray !  
O winged Joyes of Man, more swift than Wind !  
O fond Desires which in our Fancies stray !  
O traitrous Hopes which do our Judgements blind !  
*Loe*, in a Flash that Light is gone away,  
Which dazell did each Eye, delight each Mind,  
And with that *Sun*, from whence it came, eombind,  
Now makes more radiant Heavens eternall Day.  
Let *Beauty* now bedew her Cheeks with Teares,  
Let widow'd Musick only roare and groane,  
Poore *Vertue* get thee Wings and mount the *Spheares*,  
For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none :  
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, *Loves Empire* foil'd,  
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetnes spoil'd.

Those

## SON.

**T**Hose Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,  
 Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on Fire,  
 Of which that Eye of Heaven which brings the light  
 Of Jealous, stayed amaz'd them to admire.  
 That living Snow, those crimson Roses bright,  
 Those Pearles, those Rubies which enflam'd Desire,  
 Those Locks of Gold, that Purple faire of Tyre,  
 Are wrapt [sye me I] up in eternall Night.  
 What halt thou more to vaunt of wretched World,  
 Sith *she* who caused all thy blisse is gone ?  
 Thy ever-burning Lamps, Rounds ever-whorl  
 Can not unto thee modell such a One :  
 Or if they would such Beauty bring on Earth,  
 They shold be forc'd againe to give her birth.

## SON.

**O** Fate, conjur'd to poure your worst on me !  
 O rigorous Rigour which doth all confound !  
 Withcruell Hands ye have cut down the Tree,  
 And fruit with leaves have scattered on the Ground.  
 A little space of Earth my Love doth bound,  
 That Beauty which did raise it to the Skie,  
 Turn'd in disdained Dust, now low doth lye,  
 Deafe to my plaints, and senselesse of my wound.  
*Ab !* did I live for this ? *ab !* did I love ?  
 And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excell,  
 That ere she well the Sweets of life did prove,  
 She shold (too deare a guest) with *Darknesse* dwell ?  
 Weake influence of Heaven ! what faire is wrought,  
 Falls in the prime, and passeth like a Thought,

## SON.

O Wofull life ! life, no, but living Death,  
 Fraile Boat of Christall in a rocky Sea,  
 A Gem expos'd to *Fortunes* stormy breath,  
 Which kept with paine with Terror doth decay ;  
 The false Delights, true Woes thou dost bequeath,  
 My all-appalled Mind to do affray,  
 That I thole envy who are laid in Earth,  
 And pity those who run thy dreadfull way.  
 When did mine Eyes behold one chearefull Morne ?  
 When had my tosse Soule one night of Rest ?  
 When did not angry Stars my Delignes scorne ?  
 O ! now I find what is for Mortalls best :  
 Even, since our voyage shamefull is, and short,  
 Soone to strike Saille, and perish in the Port.

## SON.

D Issolve my Eyes your Globes in briny Streames,  
 And with a cloud of Sorrow dim your sight,  
 The Suns bright *Sun* is set, of late whose Beames  
 Gave lustre to your Day, Day to your Night.  
 My Voice now cleave the Earth with Anathemes,  
 Roare forth a challenge in the Worlds despight,  
 Till that disguised Griefe is her delight,  
 That Life a Slumber is of fearefull Dreames;  
 And woefull Mind abhor to thinke of Joy,  
 My Senes all from comforts all you hide,  
 Accept no object but of black Annoy,  
 Teares, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graves gaping  
 I have nought left to wish; My Hopes are dead,(wide:  
 And all with her beneath a Marble laid.

## SON.

**S**weet Soule, which in the Aprill of thy yeares,  
For to enrich the Heaven mad'st poore this Round,  
And now with flaming Rayes of Glory crown'd  
Most blest abides above the Sphære of Spheres ;  
If Heavenly Laws who have not thee bound  
From looking to this Globe that all up-bearas,  
If ruth and pity there-above be found,  
O daigne to lend a look unto these Teares.  
Do not thine (deare Ghost) this sacrifice,  
And though I raise not pillars to thy Praise,  
My off'rings take, let this for me suffice,  
My Heart a living P'ramide I'll raise :  
And whilst Kings Tombs with Laurells flourish green,  
Thine shall with Mirtles and these flow'rs be seen.

## SON.

**S**weet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly traine,  
Thy head with flames, thy Mantle bright with flow'rs,  
The Zephires curl the green Locks of the Plaine,  
The Clouds for joy in Pearls weep down their show'rs.  
Dost returne sweet Youth? but ab my pleasant houres,  
And happy daies with thee coine not againe,  
The sad Memorials only of my paine  
Do with thee tare, which turns my Sweets to Sow'rs.  
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,  
Delicious, lusty, amiable, faire,  
But she whose Breath embalme'd thy wholesome Aire  
Is gone; Nor Gold, nor Gems can her restore.  
Neglected Virtue, Seasons go and come,  
When thine forgot lie clost in a Tombe.

P O E M S .

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S O N .

VVVhat doth it serve to see the Suns bright Face ?  
And Skies enamell'd with the Indian Gold ?  
Or the Moone in a fierce Chariot rold,  
And all the Glory of that starry Place ?  
What doth it serve Earths Beauty to behold ?  
The Mountaines pride, the Meadows flowry grace,  
The stately comeliness of Forrests old,  
The Sport of Flouds which would themselves embrace ?  
What doth it serve to heare the *Sylvans Songs*,  
The cheerefull Thrush, the Nightingales sad straines,  
Which in darke shades seems to deplore my Wrongs ?  
For what doth serve all that this World containes ?  
Since *he*, for whom those once to me were deare,  
Can have no part of them now with me here.

M A D .

THis Life, which seems so faire,  
Is like a Bubble blown up in the Aire,  
By sporting childrens Breath,  
Who chase it every where,  
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.  
And though it sometime seem of its own might  
Like to an Eye of gold to be fix'd there,  
And firme to hover in that empty height,  
That only is because it is so Light,  
But in that Pompe it doth not long appeare ;  
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,  
Because it earst was nought, it turnes to nought.

My

POEMS.

SON.

MY Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow,  
With thy green Mother in some shady Grove,  
When immelodious Winds but made thee moye,  
And Birds their ramage did on thee bestow.  
Since that deare voice which did thy sounds approve,  
Which wont in such harmonious Straines to flow,  
Is reft from Earth to tune those speares above,  
What art thou but a Harbinger of woe?  
Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more,  
But Orphans wailings to the fainting Eare,  
Each Stroke a sigh, each Sound drawst forth a Teare,  
For which be silent as in woods before:  
Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,  
Like widow'd Turtle still her losse complaine.

SON.

AH Handkercher, sad present of my Deare,  
Gift miserable, which doth now remaine  
The only Guerdon of my helplesse Paine,  
When I thee got thou shewst my state too cleare.  
I never since have ceas'd to complaine,  
I since the Badge of Griefe did ever weare,  
Joy in my Face durst never since appeare,  
Care was the Food which did me entertaine.  
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,  
That I this Tribute pay thee for mine Eine,  
And that I (this short Time I am to live)  
Laundre thy sicken Figures in this Brine:  
No, I must yet even beg of thee the Grace,  
That in my Grave thou daigne to shroud my Face.

## M A D.

Trees happier far than I,  
 Which have the grace to heave your Heads so high,  
 And over-look those Plaines :  
 Grow till your Branches kiss that lofty Skie  
 Which her (sweet selfe) containes.  
 There make her know mine endlesse Love, and Paines,  
 And how these Teares which from mine Eyes do fall,  
 Helpd you to rize so Tall :  
 Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd Breath,  
 So for her sake I now court lingring Death.

## SONG,

Ad Damon being come,  
 To that for-ever Lamentable Tombe,  
 Which those eternall Powers that all controll,  
 Unto his living Soule  
 A melancholy prison had prescrib'd :  
 Of Colour, Heat, and motion depriv'd,  
 In Armes weake, Fainting, Cold,  
 A Marble, he the Marblē did infold :  
 And having warme it made with many a shoure  
 Which dimmed Eyes did poure,  
 When Griefe had given him leave, and sighs them staid,  
 Thus with a sad alas at last he said.

Who would have thought so me  
 The place where thou didst lie could grievous be ?  
 And that (deare body) long thee having sought,  
 (O me !) who would have thought  
 Thee once to find it (hould my Soule confound,  
 And give my Heart then death a deeper wound ?  
 Thou didst disdaine my Teares,  
 But grieve not that this rockfull Stone them beares ;

Mine Eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,  
And let that course them keep,  
Although thou never wouldest them comfort show,  
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.

Ab wretched ! too late I find

How Vertues glorious Titles prove but wind ;  
For if that Virtue could release from Death,  
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst Breath :  
For if she ere appear'd to more all Eene,  
It was in thy faire shape that she was seen.  
But O ! if I was made  
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead ?  
Why do our ragiony Fates which dimm'd thy sight,  
Let me see hateful light ?  
They without me made Death thee surprise,  
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.

O Griefe ! And could one Day

Have force such excellency to take away ?  
Could a swift flying Moment abdeface,  
Those matchlesse gifts, that Grace,  
Which Art, and Nature had in thee combin'd  
To make thy Body paragon thy Mind ?

Hath all pass'd like a cloud,  
And doth eternall silence now them shroud ?  
Is that, so much admir'd, now nought but Dust,  
Of which a Stone hath Trust ?

O change ! O cruele change shou't our sight  
Show'st the Fates Rigour equall to their Might !

When thou from earth di'st passe

(Sweet Nymph) Perfection: Mirrour broken was,  
And this of late so glories World of ours,  
Like Meadows without Flowers,  
Or Ring of a rich G: m which blind appear'd,  
Or Starles night, er Cynthia nothing clear'd.  
Love when he saw thee dye  
Ensomk'd h:m in the lid of either Eye,

End left his Torch within thy sacred Urne  
 There for a Lampe to burne :  
 Worth, Honour, Pleasure, with thy life expir'd,  
 Death since grown sweet begins to be desir'd.

Whilst thou to us wert given,  
 The Earth her Venus had as well as Heaven :  
 Nay, and her Suns which burnt as many Hearts,  
 As he the easerne parts ;  
 Bright Suns which forc'd to leave these Hemispharees,  
 Benighted set into a Sea of Teares.  
 Ah Death, who shall thee flic,  
 Since the most mighty are o'rethrown by thee ?  
 Thou spar'st the Crow, and Nightingall dost kill,  
 And triumphst at thy will .  
 But give thou cannot such another Blow,  
 Because Earth cannot such another shew.

O bitter sweets of Love !  
 How better is't at all you not to prove,  
 Nor when we co your pleasures must posseſſe,  
 To find them thus made leſſe ?  
 O ! That the cause which doth consume our joy  
 Wou'd the remembrance of it 100 destroy !  
 What doth this life bestow,  
 But Flow'rs on Thornes which grow ?  
 Which though they sometime blandish soft delight,  
 Yet afterwards us smite :  
 And if the rising Sun them faire doth see,  
 That Planet setting, doth behelathem die.

This world is made a Hell,  
 Depriv'd of all that in it did excell.  
 O Pan, Pan, Winter is fallen in May,  
 Turn'd is to night our Day.  
 Forsake thy Pipe, a Scepter take to thee,  
 Thy locks disgarland, thou black Jove shall be.  
 The Flocks do leave the Meads,  
 And, loathing three leau'd Grasse, hold up their Heads,

The Streames not glide now with a gentle Rore,  
Nor Birds sing as before,  
Hills stands with clouds like Mourners vail'd in black,  
And Owles upon our Roofes foretell our wrack.

That Zephire every yeare  
So soone was heard to sigh in Forrests here,  
It was for her that wrapt in Gowns of Greene,  
Meads were so carely seen;

That in the saddest Months oft sang the Mearles,  
It was for Her : for her Trees drop forth pearles.

That proud, and stately Courts  
Did envy these our Shades and calme Resorts,  
It was for Her : and she is gone, O woe !

Woods cнут againe do grow,  
Bud doth the Rose, and Dazy, winter done,  
But we once dead do no more see the Sun.

Whose Name shall now make ring  
The Echoes ? of whom shall the Nymphets sing ?  
Whose heavenly voice, whose Soule-invading Straines,  
Shall fill with Joy the plaines ?

What Haire, what Eyes, can make the Morne in East,  
Weep that a fairer riseth in the West ?

Faire Sun post still away,  
No Musicke here is left thy Course to stay.  
Sweet Hybla Swarmes, with Wormewood fill your Bow'r,  
Gone is the flower of Flow'r's :  
Blush no more Rose, nor Lilly pale remaine,  
Dead is that Beauty which yours late did staine.

Aye me to waile my Plight  
Why have not I as many Eyes as Night ?  
Or as that Shepbeards which Joves love did keep,  
Thou I still, still may weepe ?  
But though I bad, my Teares unto my croffe  
Were not yet squall, nor grieve to my losse.  
Yet if you bring Showers,  
Which I here poure, may spring as many flow'r's ,

As come of those which fell from Helens Eyes;  
 And when ye do arise,  
 May every Leafe in fable letters beare  
 The Dolefull Cause for which ye spring up here.

## M A D.

**T**He Beauty and the Life  
 Of Lifes, and Beauties fairest Paragon,  
 (O Teares ! O Griefe ! ) hung at a feeble Thread,  
 To which pale *Atropos* had set her Knife.  
 The Soule with many a groane  
 Had left each outward Part,  
 And now did take his last Leave of the Heart ;  
 Nought else did want save Death for to be dead :  
 When the sad company about her Bed  
 Seeing Death invade her lips, her cheekes, her eyes,  
 Cried ab ! and can Death enter Paradise ?

## S O N.

**O** ! It is not to me bright Lampe of Day,  
 That in the East thou shov'st thy golden Face,  
 O ! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,  
 And in those azure Liffs began'st thy Race.  
 Thou shinest not to the Dead in any Place,  
 And I dead from this World am past away,  
 Or if I seem (a Shadow) yet to stay,  
 It is a while but to bewaile my Case.  
 My Mirth is lost, my Comforts are dismaid,  
 And unto sad Mishaps their Place do yeeld ;  
 My Knowledge represents a bloody Field,  
 Where I my Hopes and helps see prostrate laid.  
 So plaintfull is Lifes Course which I have run,  
 That I do wish it never had begun.

## MADRIGALL.

**D**ear Night, the eale of Care,  
 Untroubled Seat of Peace,  
*Times* eldest Child, which oft the blind do see,  
 On this our Hemisphare  
 What makes thee now so sadly darke to be ?  
 Com'st thou in funerall Pomp Her Grave to grace ?  
 Or do those Stars which shold thy horrour cleare,  
 In Joves high Hall advise,  
 In what Part of the skies,  
 With them, or *Cynthia* she shall appear ?  
 Or (ah alas) because those iatchlike eyes,  
 Which shone so faire, below thou dolt not find,  
 Striv'st thou to make all others Eyes look blind ?

## SON.

**S**Ince it bath pleas'd that First and supreme *Faire*,  
 To take that Beauty to him selfe againe,  
 Which in *this world of Sense* not to remaine,  
 But to amaze was fent, and home repaire ;  
 The Love which to that Beauty I did beare,  
 Made Pure of mortall spots which did it staine,  
 And endlesse, which even *Death* cannot impaire,  
 I place on him who will it not disdaine.  
 No shining Eyes, no Locks of curling gold,  
 No blushing Roses on a virgin Face,  
 No outward shew, no, nor no inward Grace,  
 Shall power have my thoughts henceforth to hold :  
 Love here on Earth huge stormes of care doth tolle,  
 But plac'd above exempted is from losse,

## SONG.

IT Autumnne was, and on our Hemisphare  
Faire Ericine began bright to appeare,  
Night West-ward did her gemmy World decline,  
And hide her Lights, that greater Light might shine;  
The crested Bird bath given Alarum twice  
To lazy Mortals to unlock their Eyes,  
The Owle had left to plaine, and from each Throne  
The wing'd Musicians did salute the Morne,  
Who (while she dress'd her Locks in Ganges streames)  
Set open wide the chrystall Port of Dreames:  
When I, whose Eyes no drousie Night could close,  
In Sleeps soft armes did quietly repose,  
And, for that Heavens to die did me deny,  
Deaths Image kissed, and as dead did lie.  
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my Cares,  
And staked scarce my Sighs, scarce dried my Teares,  
Sleep scarce the ugly Figures of the Day  
Had with his sable Pencill put away,  
And left me in a still and calmey Mood,  
When by my Bed (me thought) a Virgin stood,  
A Virgin in the blooming of her Prime,  
If such rare Beuty measur'd be by Time.  
Her Head a Garland wore of Opalls bright,  
About her flow'd a Gowne like purest Light.  
Pure Amber Locks gave Umbrage to her Face,  
Where Modesty high Majesty did grace;  
Her Eyes such Beames sent forth, that but with paine  
Her weaker Sights their sparklings could sustaine.  
No feigned Deity which hauns the Woods  
Is like to Her, nor Syrene of the Floods:  
Such is the Golden Planet of the Yeare,  
When bl shing in the East he doth appeare.

Her Grace did beauty, Voice yet Grace did passe,  
Which thus through Pearles and Rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou (said he) estrang'd from Joy,  
Paint Shadows to thy selfe of false Annoy?

How long thy Mind with horrid Shapes affright,  
And in imaginary Evills delight?

Esteeme that Losse which (well when view'd) is Gaine,  
Or if a Losse, yet not a Losse too plaine?

O leave thy plainest Soule more to molest,  
And thinke that woe when shorkest then is best.

If She for whom thou thus dost deafe the Skie  
Be dead? What then? Was she not borne to die?  
Was She not mortall borne? If thou dost grieve  
That Times should be in which She should not live,  
Ere e're she was, weep that Daisies wheele was roll'd,  
Weep that she liv'd not in the Age of Gold.

For that she was not then thou maist deplore,  
As well as that she now can be no more.

If only she had died, then sure hadst Cause  
To blame the Fates, and their too iron Laws.

But look how many Millions her aivance,  
What numbers with her enter in this Dance,  
With those which are to come: shall Heavens them stay,  
And th' Universall dissolve thee to obey?

As Birth, Death, which so much thee doth apall,  
A Pece is of the Life of this great All.

Strong Cities die, die do bright palmy Raiges,  
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complaines.

If she be dead, then she of loathsome Daisies  
Hath pass'd the Line whose Length but Losse bewraies,  
Then she hath left this fitby Stage of Care,  
Where Pleasure seldom, Woe doth still repaire.  
For all the Pleasures which it doth containe  
Nor counteruale the smallest Minnies paine.  
And tell me, then who dost so much admire  
This little Vapour, this poore Spirke of Fire,

Which

Which Life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath  
 But some few yeares which Birth draws out so Deare ?  
 Which if thou paralell with Lustres run,  
 Or those whose con'ses are but now begun,  
 In daies great Numbers they shall lesse appeare,  
 Than with the Sea when matched is a Teare.  
 But why shouldest thou bera longer wish to be ?  
 One Yeare doth serve all Natures Pomp to see,  
 Nay, even one Day, and Night : this Moone, that Sun,  
 Those lesser Fires about this Round which Run,  
 Be but the same which under Saturnes Raigne.  
 Did the serpenteing Seasons interchaine.  
 How oft doth Life grow lesse by living long ?  
 And what excelleth but what dieth young ?  
 For Age which all abhor ( yet woulde embrase )  
 Doth make the Mind as wrinckled as the Face.  
 Then leave Laments, and thinke thou did'st not live  
 Laws to that first eternall Cause to give,  
 But to obey those Laws which he hath given,  
 And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,  
 Which cannot err, whatever foggy Mist  
 Do blind men in these sublunary Lists.  
 But what if she for whom thou spund'st those Groanes,  
 And wastes thy Lifes deare Torch in ruthfull Moanes,  
 She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyfull Light,  
 Courtes solitary Shadys and irkesome Night,  
 Doth live ? ah ! ( if thou canst ) through Teares, a space,  
 Lift thy dimm'd Lights, and look upon this Face,  
 Look if those Eyes which (foole) thou did'st adore,  
 Shine not more bright than they were wont before.  
 Looke if those Roses Death could ought impaire  
 Those Roses which thou once said'st were so faire;  
 And if these Locks have lost ought of that Gold,  
 Which once they had when thou them did'st behold.  
 I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,  
 And still shal be, till : on be like me made.

Alas

Alas while we are wrapt in Gowns of Earth,  
 And blnd here suck the Aire of Woe beneath,  
 Each thing in Senses Ballances we weigh,  
 And but with toyle, and Paine the truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable Frame,  
 This Temple visible, which World we name,  
 Within whose Walls so many Lamps do burne,  
 So many Arches with crosse motions turne,  
 Where the Elementall Brothers nurse their strife,  
 And by intestine Wars maintain their Life :  
 There is a World, a World of perfect Blisse,  
 Pure, immateriall, as brightier far from this,  
 As that high Circle which the rest enspheares  
 Is from this dull, ignoble Vale of Teares.  
 A World where all is found, that here is found,  
 But further discrepant than Heaven and Ground :  
 It bath an Earth, as bath this World of yours,  
 With Creatures peopled, and adorn'd with Flowr's;  
 It bath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle cast  
 Which decks of the harmonious Shores the Waste ;  
 It bath pure Fire, it bath delicious Aire,  
 Moone, Sun, and Stars, Heavens wonderfully faire :  
 Flowr's never there do fade, Trees grow not old,  
 No Creature dieth there through heat or cold ;  
 Sea there not tossed is, nor Aire made blacke,  
 Fire doth not greedy feed on others Wrack :  
 There Heavens be not constrain'd about to range,  
 For this World hath no need of any Change :  
 Minutes mount not to Houres, nor Houres to Daisies,  
 Daisies make no Months, but ever-blooming Maies.

Here I remaine, and hitherward do tend,  
 All who their Sp'ns of Dates in Virtue spend ;  
 What ever Pleasant this low Place containes,  
 Is but a Glance of what above remaines.  
 Those who (perchance) there can nothing see,  
 Beyond this wide Expansion which they see,

And

And that nought else mount: Stars Circumference,  
For that nought else is subject to their sense,  
Feele such a Case, as one whom some Abisme  
In the deep Ocean kept haue all his Time:  
Who borne, and nourish'd there, cannot believe  
That elsewhere ought without those waves can live:  
Cannot beleieve that there be Temples, Towers,  
Which go beyond his Caves and dampish Bower's:  
Or there be other People, Manners, Laws,  
Than what he finds within the churlish Waves:  
That sweeter Flow'rs do spring than grow on Rocks,  
Or Beasts there are excell the skylly Flocks,  
That other Elements are to be found,  
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground.

But thinke that man from this Abisme being brought,  
Did see what curions Nature here hath wrongt,  
Did view the Meas, the tall and stady Woods,  
And mark'd the hills, and the cleare rowling fowds;  
And all the Beasts which Nature forth doth bring,  
The feathered Troupes: hat flie, and sweetly sing:  
Observe'd the Palaces, and Cities faire,  
Mens Fashion of Life, the Fire, the Aire,  
The brightness of the Sun that dims his Sight,  
The Moone, and splendors of the painted Night:  
What sudden rapture wold his mind surprise?  
How would he his late-deare Resort despise?  
How would he muse how foolish he had been,  
To thinke all nothing but what there was seen?  
Why do we get this high and vast Desire,  
Unto immortall things still to aspiro?  
Why doth our Mind extend it beyond Time,  
And to that highest happiness even clime?  
For we are more than what to Sense we come,  
And more than Dust us Worldlings do esteem'd  
We be not made for Earth though here we come,  
More than the Embryon for the Mother is won by:

*It weeps to be made free, and we complains  
To leave this loathsome Jайл of Care and Paine.*

*But whom who vulgar foot-steps dost not trace,  
Learne to rouse up thy mind to view this place,  
And what Earth-creeping Mortals most affect,  
If not at all to scorne, yet nor to neglect:*

*Seek not vaine shadows, which when once obtain'd  
Are better los'd than with such travell gain'd.*

*Thinke that on Earth what worldlings Greatnesse call,  
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:*

*That Scepters, Diadems, and Chaires of State,  
Not in themselves, but to small Minds are great:  
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,  
And deepest Falls be from the highest Height:*

*That Fame an Echo is, and all Renown  
Like to a blasted Rose, ere Night falls down:  
And though it something were, thinke how this Round  
Is but a little Point, which doth it bound.*

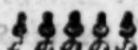
*O leave that Love which reacheth but to Dust,  
And in that Love Eternall only trust,  
And Beauty, which when once it is possesst  
Can only fill the Soule and make it blest,  
Pale Envy, jealous Emulations, Feares,  
Sighs, Plaints, Remorse, here have no place nor Teares,  
False Joyes, vaine Hopes, here be not, Hate nor Wrath,  
What ends all Love here most augments it Death.*

*If such force had the dim Glance of an Eye,  
Which but some few daies afterwards did die,  
That it could make thee leave all other things,  
And like a Taper-fly there burne thy Wings?  
And if a voice, of late which could but waile,  
Such Power had as through Eares thy Soule to steale?  
If once thou on that poorely Faire couldst gaze,  
What Flames of Love would this within thee raise?  
In what a missing Maze would it thee bring,  
To keare but once that Qu're celestially sing?*

The fairest shapes on which thy Love did sease,  
 Whichearst didst breed Delight, then would displease;  
 But Discords boarfe were Earths entising Sounds,  
 All Musick but a Noise, which Sense confounds.  
 This great and burning Glasse which cleares all Eyes,  
 And ministeres with such Glory in the Skies,  
 That silver Star which with her purer Light  
 Makes Day oft-Envy the eye pleasing Night,  
 Those golden letters which so brightly shine  
 In Heavens great Volume gorgeously divine;  
 All wonders in the Sea, the Earth, the Aire,  
 Be but darke Pictures of that Soveraigne Faire,  
 And Tongues, which still libue cry into your Eare  
 (Could ye amids Worlds Cataracts them heare )  
 From fading things (fond Men) lift your Desire,  
 And in our Beauty his vs made admire:  
 If we seeme faire ? O thinke how faire is he,  
 Of whose great Fairenesse, Shadows, Steps we be.  
 No Shadow can compare unto the Face,  
 No Step with that deare foot which did it trace,  
 Your Soules immortall are, then place them hence,  
 And do not drown them in the Mist of Sense:  
 Do not, O do not by false Pleasures Mift  
 Deprive them of that true and sole Delight.  
 That Happinesse ye seek is not below,  
 Earths sweetest Joy is but disguised Woe.

Here did she pause, and with a mild Aspect,  
 Did towards me those lamping Twins direct.  
 The wonted Rayes I knew, and thrice essay'd  
 To Answer make, thrice fauliring Tongue it stay'd.  
 And while upon that Face I fed my Sight,  
 Me thought she vanish'd up to Titans Light;  
 Who gilding with his Rayes each Hill, and Plaine,  
 Seem'd to have brought the Golden World againe,

## URANIA.



**T**Riumphing, Chariots, Statues, Crowns of Bayes,  
Skie-threatning Arches, *the rewards of worth*,  
Books heavenly-wile in sweet harmonious layes,  
Which men divine unto the World set forth :  
States which Ambitious Minds, in bloud, do raise,  
From frozen *Tanais* unto sun-burnt *Gange*,  
Gigantall Frames held wonders rarely strange,  
Like Spiders webs are made the sport of Daies.  
Nothing is constant but in constant change,  
What's done still is undone; and when undone  
Into some other Fashion doth it range ;  
Thus goes the floting World beneath the Moone :  
Wherefore my Mind above Time, Motion, Place,  
Rise up, and steps unknown to Nature trace.



**T**O long I followed have my fond Desire,  
And too long painted on the Ocean streames,  
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,  
Pursu'd those joyes which to my Soule are Blames.  
Ah when I had what most I did admire,  
And seen of Lifes Delights the last extremes,  
I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,  
A Nought, a Thought, a Malcarade of Dreames.  
Henceforth on Thee, my *only Good*, I'll thinke,  
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;  
Thy Naile my Pen shall be, thy Bloud mine Inke,  
Thy Winding-sheet my Paper, Studie Grave :  
And till my Soule forth of this body flic,  
No Hope I'll have but only only thee.

❧❧❧❧

**T**O spread the Azure Canopy of Heaven,  
And spangle it all with Sparkes of burning Gold,  
To place this pondrous Globe of Earth so even,  
That it should all and nought should it uphold;  
With motions strange & iidue the Planets seven,  
And *Jove* to make so mild, and *Mars* so bold,  
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
Of all their Jars that sweet Accords are given.  
*Lord* to thy Wisedome's nought, nought to thy Might,  
But that thou shouldest, *thy Glory laid aside*,  
Come basely in Mortality to bide,  
And die for those deserv'd an endlessle night;  
A Wonder is so far above our wit,  
That *Angels* stand amaz'd to thinke on it.



**V**HAT haplesle Hap had I for to be borne  
In these unhappy Times, and dying Daisies  
Of this now doting World, when Good decayes,  
Love's quite extinct, and *Vertue*'s held a scorne !  
When such are only pris'd by wretched waies,  
Who with a golden Fleece them can adorne;  
When Avarice and Lust are counted praise,  
And bravest Minds live *Orphane-like* forlorne!  
Why was not I borne in that golden Age,  
When Gold yet was not known? and those black Arts  
By which Base Worldlings vilely play their parts,  
With Horrid Arts staining Earths stately Stage?  
To have been then, O heaven, 't had been my blis,  
But bleſſe me now, and take me loone from this.

## On the Pourtrait of the Countesse of Perthe;

SON.

**T**He Goddesse that in *Amathus* doth raigne,  
 With silver Framells, and Saphir-colour'd Eyes,  
 When naked from her *Mother's* Chrystall Plaine,  
*She* first appear'd unto the wondring *Skies*:  
 Or when the *golden-Apple* to obtaine,  
 Her blushing Snow amazed *Idas* Trees,  
 Did never look in halfe so faire a guise,  
 As *She* here drawn all other *Ages* Staine.  
**O** God what Beauties to inflame the *Soule*,  
 And hold the hardest Hearts in Chaines of Gold !  
 Faire Locks, sweet Face, Loves stately Capitole,  
 Pure Neck which doth that heavenly Frame uphold,  
 If *Vertue* would to mortall Eyes appeare,  
 To ravish sense *She* would your Beautie wear.

SON.

**I**F Heaven, the Stars, and Nature did her grace  
 With all Perfections found the *Moone* above,  
 And what excelleth in this *lower Place*,  
 Found place in her to breed a World of Love :  
 If Angels Gleames shine on her fairest Face,  
 Which makes Heavens Joy, on *Earth*, the gazer prove,  
 And her bright Eyes (the Orbis which *Beauty* move)  
 As *Phaebus* dazell in his glorious Race.  
 What Pencill paint what Colour to the sight  
 So sweet a Shape can shew ? the blushing *Morne*,  
 The red must lende, the *Milkie-way* the white,  
 And *Night* the Stars which her rich Crown adorne ;  
 To draw her right then, and make all agree,  
 The *Heaven* the *Table*, *Zeraxis* Jove must be.

*On that same drawn with a Pencill.*

## SON.

V V Hen with brave *Art* the curious Painter drew  
 This Heavenly Shape, the hand why made he  
 With golden Veines that *Flow'r* of purple hue, (beare  
 Which follows on the *Planet* of the yea're?  
 Was it to show how in our *Hemisphare*,  
 Like him *She* shines, nay that effects more true  
 Of Power, and Wonder do in her appeare,  
 While *He* but *Flow'r*s, and *She* doth Minds subdue.  
 Or would he else to *Vertues* glorious light  
 Her constant Course make known, or is't that *He*  
 Doth paralell her blisse with *Clitias* plight :  
 Right so, and thus, He reading in Her Eye  
 Some *Lovers* end, to grace what he did grave,  
 For *Cypres* Tree, this *mourning Flow'r* her gave.

## MADRIGALL.

I F sight be not beguil'd,  
 And eyes right play their part,  
 This Flower is not of *Art*,  
 But's fairest Natures Child,  
 And though when Titan's from our World exil'd,  
 She doth not lock her leaves his losse to moane,  
 Now wonder, Earth finds now more Suns than one.

F

To

## To the Author.

## Parthenius.

**VV**Hile thou doſt praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,  
Which in a dangling Treſſe, and Face appear,  
Still stands the Sun in Skies thy Songs to heare,  
A Silence sweet each whispering Wind doth hold:  
Sleep in Paſithea's Lap his Eyes doth fold,  
The Sword falls from the God of theift Spheare,  
The Heards to feed, the Birds to ſing forbear,  
Each Plant breaths Love, each Floud and Fountain cold,  
And hence it is, that that once Nymph, now Tree,  
Who did th' Amphiſian Shepheards Sighs diſdaine,  
And ſcoru'd his Layes, mov'd by a ſweeter Vaine,  
Is become pitfull, and follows Thee.  
Thee lovet, and vanieth that (he bath the Grace,  
A Garland for thy Locks to entierlace.

## Alexis.

**T**He Love Alexis did to Damon beare,  
Shall witness'd be to all the Woods and Plaines,  
As ſingular renown'd by neigbouring Swaines,  
That to our Relict's Time may Trophees reare.  
Those Madrigals we ſung amidſt our Flocks,  
With Garlands guarded from Apollos Beames,  
On Octelles, whiles neare Bodottias Streames,  
The Echoes did reſound them from the Rocks:  
Of forraine Shepheards bent to try the States  
Though I (Worlds Guest) a Vagabond do stray,  
Thou may that Store which I eſteem Survey,  
As best acquainted with my Soules Conceits.

What ever Fate Heavens have for me design'd,  
I truſt thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

## Clorus.

**S**wan which so sweetly sings,  
By Aska's Bankes, and pitifully plains,  
That old Meander never heard such Straines,  
Eternall Fame, thon to thy Country brings:  
And now our Calidon  
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.  
Her Mountaines Woods, and Springs,  
While Mountains, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy praise,  
And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her Bayes,  
And kill those Mirtills with enraged Breath,  
Which should thy Brows enwreath;  
Her Flouds have Pearles, Seas Amber do send forth;  
Her Heaven hath golden Stars to crown thy Worth.

## Mœris.

**T**He sister Nymphs which haunt the Thespian springs,  
More liberally their Gifts ne're did bestow  
To them who on their Hills suckt sacred Breath,  
Then unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.  
Ne're did Apollo raise on Pegale Wings  
A Muse more neare Himselfe, more far from Earth,  
Than thine; whether thou weep thy Ladies Death,  
Or sing those sweet-sowre Pangs that Passion brings.  
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merit Praise,  
But thus the Verse to gild in Fictions Ore,  
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserve much more,  
As thou hast done these thy melodious Layes:  
No doubt thy Muses faire Morne doth bewray  
The swift Approach of a more glistering Day.

## Circles

the circle of the sun  
is the circle of the sun  
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TEARES  
ON THE  
DEATH  
OF  
MOELIADES.

---

BY  
WILLIAM DRUMMOND  
OF  
HAWTHORNESEN.

---



LONDON,  
Printed in the Yeare 1656.



## To the Author.

In Waves of Woe thy Sighs my Soule do tosse,  
And make run out the floud-gates of my teares,  
Whose rankling Wound no smoothing Baume long beares,  
But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my Losse.  
Tis thou so sweetly Sorrow makest to sing,  
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,  
That more Delight Thy Anguish doth afford,  
Than others Joyes can Satisfaction bring.  
What sacred Wits (when ravish'd) do affect,  
To force Affections, Metamorphose Minds,  
Whilstnumbrous Power the Soule in secret binds,  
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect.  
For never Plaints did greater Pity move,  
The best Applause that can such Notes approve.

W. ALEXANDER.

(Earl of Sterling).



## Teares on the Death of MOELIADES.

O Heavens ! then is it true that Thou art gone,  
And left this woefull Isle her Losse to moane,  
*Meliades*, bright Day-star of the West,  
A Comes blazing Ferrour to the East :  
And neither that thy Spirit so heavenly wise,  
Nor Body (though of Earth) more pure than Skies,  
Nor royll Stem, nor thy sweet tender Age,  
Of cruell Destinies could quench the Rage ?  
Of fading Hopes ! O short-while-lasting Joy,  
Of Earth-borne man, that one Houre can destroy !  
Then even of *Vertues* Spoiles Death Trophies reares,  
As if he gloried most in many Teares.  
Forc'd by hard Fates, do Heavens neglect our Cries ?  
Are Stars set only to act Tragedies ?  
Then let them do their Worst since thou art gone,  
Raise whom thou list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,  
Staine Princely Bow'rs with Bloud and even to *Gange*,  
In Cypressse sad, glad *Hymens* Torches change.  
Ah thou hast left to live, and in the Time,  
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant Prime,  
So falls by Northern Blast a virgin Rose,  
At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close :  
So a sweet Flower languishing decaies,  
That late did blush when kist by *Phœbus* Raies.  
So *Phœbus* mounting the Meridians height,  
Choak't by pale *Phœbe*, faints unto our sight,

Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see,  
 The Life of all this All so chang'd to be,  
 In gloomy Gowns the Stars this losse deplore,  
 The Sea with murmuring Mountaines beats the Shore,  
 Black Darkenesse reeles o're all, in thousand Show'r's  
 The weeping Aire on Earth her sorrow poures,  
 That, in a Pal'ey, quakes to see so soone  
 Her Lover left, and Night burst forth ere Noone.

If Heaven (alas) ordain'd thee young to die,  
 Why was't not where thou might'st thy Valour try?  
 And to the wondring World at least set forth  
 Some little Sparke of thy expected Worth?

Meliades, O that by Isters Streames,  
 'Mong sounding Trumpets, fiery twinkling Gleames  
 Of warme vermillion Swords, and Cannons Roare,  
 Balls thick as Raine pour'd on the Caspian Shore,  
 'Mongst broken Spears, 'mongst ringing Helms & shields,  
 Huge heapes of slaughtered Bodies long the Fields,  
 In Turkish bloud made red like Marses Star,  
 Thou endedst had thy Life, and Christian War:  
 Or as brave Bourbon thou hadst made old Rome,  
 Queen of the World, by Triumph, and thy Tombe.  
 So Heavenstair Face, to th'unborne World, which reads,  
 A Book had been of thy illustrious Deeds.  
 So to their Nephews aged Syres had told  
 The high Exploits perform'd by thee of old;  
 Towns raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd Bands,  
 Fierce Tyrants flying, foyl'd, kill'd by thy Hands.  
 And in rich Arras, Virgins faire had wrought  
 The Bayes and Trophies to thy Country brought:  
 While some New Homer imping Wings to Fame,  
 Deafe Nilus dwellers had made heare thy Name.  
 That thou didst not attaine these Honours Spheares,  
 Through want of Worth it was not, but of Teares.  
 A Youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling Walls  
 Did never see, nor She whose Name appalls.

Both *Titan* golden Bow'rs, in bloody Fights,  
Mustring on *Mars* his Field, such *Mars-like Knights*.  
The *Heavens* had brought thee to the highest Hight  
Of Wit and Courage, shewing all their Might  
When they thee fram'd. *Aye me that what is brave*  
On *Earth*, they as their own so soon should crave.  
*Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore,*  
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly shore. (passē)

When *Forth* thy Nurse, *Forth* where thou first didst  
Tby tender Daies (who smil'd oft on her Giasse;  
To see thee gaze) Meandring with her Streames,  
Heard thou hadst left this Round, from *Pbæbus Beames*,  
She sought to flie, but forced to returne  
By Neighbouring Brooks, She set her selfe to mourne :  
And as she rush'd her *Cyclades* among.  
She seem'd too plain, that *Heaven* had done her wrong.  
With a hoarse plaint, *Cleyd* down her sleepy rocks,  
And *Tweid* through her green Mountaines clad with  
Did wound the *Ocean* murmuring thy death, (flocks,  
The *Ocean* it roar'd about the *Earth*,  
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* told, (cold  
Who shunke through griefe, and down his white hairs  
Huge Streames of tears, which changed were to flouds,  
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains & woods.  
The lesser Brooks as they did bubling go,  
Did keep a *Consort* to the publike *Woe*.  
The Shepheards left their Flocks with down-cast eies,  
"Daining to look up to the angry *Skies* :  
Some brake their Pipes, and some in sweet-sad Layes,  
Made sensleſſe things amazed at thy Praise.  
His Reed *Alexis* hung upon a *Tree*,  
And with his Teares made *Doven* great to be,  
*Mæliades sweet courtly Nymphs deplore*  
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearely shore.

Chaste Maids which haunt faire *Aganippes Well*,  
And you in *Tempes* sacred *Shade* who dwell,

Let

Let fall your Harps, cease Tunes of Joy to sing,  
 Disheveled make all *Parnassus* ring  
 With *Antheames* Iad, thy Musick *Phæbus* turne  
 To dolefull plaints, whilst *Joy* it selfe doth mourne.  
 Dead is thy *Darling* who adorn'd thy Bayes,  
 Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet Layes,  
 And to a *Trumpet* raise thy amorous *Stile*,  
 That floting *Delos* envy might this *Isle*.  
 You *Acidalian* Archers breake your Bows,  
 Your Torches quench, with teares blot *Beauties* Snows,  
 And bid your weeping *Morber* yet againe  
 A second *Adous* death, nay *Mars* his plaine.  
 His *Eyes* once were your *Darts*, nay, even his *Name*,  
 Where ever heard, did every *Heart* inflame.  
*Tagus* did court his *Love* with *Golden Streames*,  
*Rhein* with his *Towns*, faire *Seine* with *all she claimes*.  
 But ab (poore Lovers) *Death* them did betray,  
 And not suspected made their *Hopes* his *Prey*!  
*Tagus* bewailes his *Loss* in *Golden Streames*,  
*Rhein* with his *Towns*, faire *Seine* with *all she claimes*.  
*Maliaades* sweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore,  
 From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly shore.  
 Eye-pleasing *Meads*, whose painted *Plain* forth brings  
 White, golden, azure Flow'rs, which once were Kings,  
 To mourning *Black*, their shining *Colours* dye,  
 Bow down their Heads, while tighing *Zephires* fly.  
 Queen of the fields, whose Blush makes blush the *Morn*,  
 Sweet *Rose*, a Princes Death in *Purple* mourn.  
 O *Hyacinths* for aye your *aye* keep still,  
 Nay, with moe markes of *Woe* your *Leaves* now fill.  
 An i you O *Flow'r* of *Helen*s teares that's borne,  
 Into these liquid *Pearles* againe you turne.  
 Your green Locks, *Forrests* cut, to weeping *Mirres*,  
 To deadly *Cypres*, and Inke-dropping *Firres*,  
 Your *Palmes* and *Mirres* change, from shadows dark  
 Wing'd *Syrens* walle, and you Iad *Echoes* marke

The lamentable Accents of their Moane,  
 And plaine that brave *Mæliades* is gone.  
 Stay *Skie* thy turning Course, and now become  
 A stately *Arch*, unto the *Earth* his Tombe :  
 And over it still watry *Iris* keep,  
 And sad *Eletras* Sisters which still weep :  
*Mæliades* sweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore,  
 From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly shore.

Deare Ghost forgive these our untimely Teares,  
 By which our loving Mind, though weake appeares,  
 Our Losle not Thine (when we complaine) we weep,  
 For, Thee the glistring Walls of *Heaven* do keep,  
 Beyond the *Planets* Wheels, 'bove highest Source  
 Of Spheares ; that turns the lower in his Course.  
 Where *Sun* doth never set, nor ugly *Night*  
 Ever appears in mourning Garments digt :  
 Where *Boreas* stormy Trumpet doth not sound,  
 Nor Clouds, in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.  
 From *Cares* cold Climates far, and hot *Desire*,  
 Where *Time*'s exil'd, and *Ages* ne're expire :  
 'Mong purest Spirits environed with Beames,  
 Thou think'st all things below, t' have been but dreams ;  
 And joy'st to look down to the azur'd Bars  
 Of *Heaven* powd'red with Troupes of streaming *Stars* :  
 And in their turning *Temples* to behold,  
 In silver Robe the *Moone*, the *Sun* in Gold ;  
 Like young Eye-speaking *Lovers* in a Dance,  
 With Majesty by Turnes, retire, advance.  
 Thou wondrest *Earth* to see hang like a Ball,  
 Clos'd in the mighty *Cloyster* of this *All* :  
 And that poore *Men* should prove so madly fond,  
 To tosse themselves for a small spot of Ground.  
 Nay, that they even dare brave the *Powers* above,  
 From this base *Stage* of Change, that cannot move.  
 All worldly Pompe, and Pride thou seest aile  
 Like Sn.oake that's scatt'red in the empty Skies.

Other high *Hils* and *Forrests* other *Tow'rs*,  
 Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poore *Bow'rs*,  
*Courts* void of Flattery, of Malice *Minds*,  
*Pleasure* which lasts, not such as *Reason* blinds.  
 Thou sweeter *Songs* dost heare, and *Carrollings*,  
 Whilst *Heavens* do dance, and *Quires* of *Angels* sings,  
 Then muddy *Minds* could faine, even our *Annoy*  
 (If it approach that Place) is chang'd to Joy.

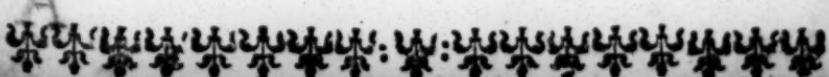
Rest blessed soule, rest satiate with the light  
 Of him whose Beames (though dazzling) do delight,  
*Life* of all lives, *Cause* of each other cause,  
 The *Speare* and *Center* where the *Mind* doth pause :  
*Narcissus* of himselfe, himselfe the *Well*,  
*Lover*, and *Beauty* that doth all excell.

Rest happy *Soule*, and wonder in that *Glaſſe*,  
 Where seen is all that *shall be*; *is*, or *was*,  
 While *shall be*, *is*, or *was*, do passe away,  
 And nothing be, but an *Eternall Day*.  
 For ever rest, thy Praise *Fame* will enroule  
 In golden Annals, while about the Pole  
 The slow *Bootes* turnes, or *Sun* doth rise  
 With scarlet Scarfe to cheare the mourning *Skies*.  
 The Virgins to thy Tombe will Garlands beare  
 Of Flow'rs, and with each Flow'r let fall a Teare.  
*Mæliades* sweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore  
 From *Thale* to *Hylas* pearly shore.

William Drummond.



O F J E T,  
 Or PORPHYRIE,  
 Or that white Stone  
 PAROS affords alone,  
 Or these in A Z U R E dye,  
 Which seem to scorn the SKIE;  
 Here Memphis Wonders do not set,  
 Nor ARTEMISIA'S huge Frame,  
 That keeps so long her Lovers Name:  
 Make no great marble Atlas stoop with Gold  
 To please the Vulgar EYE shall it behold:  
 The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their teares  
 A Crystal Tomb to him, through which his worth appears;



**S**tay Passenger, see where enclosed lies,  
The Paragon of Princes, fairest Frame,  
Time, Nature, Place, could show to mortall Eyes  
In Worth, Wit, Virtue, Miracle of Fame :  
At least that Part the Earth of him could clame,  
This Marble holds (hard like the Destinies)  
For as to his brave Spirit, and glorious Name,  
The One the World, the other fills the Skies.  
Th' immortall Amaranthus, princely Rose,  
Sad Violet, and that sweet Flow'r that beares,  
In Sanguine Spots the Tenor of our Woes,  
Spread on this Stone, and wash it with your Tears

Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,  
You saw where Earths Perfections were con-  
(fin'd.

## SON.

A Passing Glance, a Lightning long the skies  
Which ush'ring Thunder, dies straight to our sight,  
A Sparks that doth from jarring mixtures rise,  
Thus drown'd is in th' huge Depths of Day and Night,  
Is this small trifle, Life, held in such Price,  
Of blinded Wights, who ne're judge Ought aright?  
Of Partisans shaft so swift is not the Flights,  
As Life, that wastes it selfe, and living dies.  
Ab, what is humane Greatnesse, Valour, Wit?  
What fading Beauty, Riches, Honour, Praise?  
To what doth serve in golden Thrones to sit,  
Thrall Earths waste Round, triumphall Arches raise?  
That's all a Dreame learn'd in this Princes Fall,  
In whom save Death, nought mortall was at all.

William Drummond.

The



## To the Reader.

The Name, which in these Verses is given unto Prince Henry, is that which he Himselfe in the Challenges of his Martiall Sports, and Mascarads, was wont to use; MOELIADIS Prince of the Isleſt which in *Anagram* maketh a Word most Worthy of such a Knight as He was, a Knight (if Time had suffered his Actions answer the Worlds expectation) only worthy of such a Word, Miles A Deo.

MAD.

  
**MADRIGALS  
AND  
EPIGRAMS.**



MADRIGALS  
AND  
EPICRAMES.



## • Madrigals and Epigrams:

### The Statue of Medusa.

O fthat Medusa strange,  
Whothose that did ber see in Rocks did change,  
No Image carv'd is this ;  
Medusa's selfe it is :  
For while at heate of Day  
To quench her Thirst She by this Spring did stay,  
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glasse,  
Her Senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

### The Portrait of Mars and Venus.

Faire Paphos wanton Queen  
(Not drawn in White and Red)  
Is truly here, as when in Vulcans Bed  
She was of all Heavens laughing Senate seen.  
Gaze on her Haire, and Eies,  
Her Brows, the Bows of Love,  
Her back with Lillies spred :  
Ye also might perceive her turne and move,  
But that She neither so will do, nor dare,  
For feare to wake the angry God of War.

## Narcissus.

**E**ounds cannot quench my Flames, ah I in this Well  
I burne, not drawne, for what I cannot tell.

## Dametas Dreame.

**D**ametas dreams'd he saw his Wife at Sport,  
And found that sight was through the horny Port.

## Cherries.

**M**y Wanton weep no more  
The losing of your Cherries,  
Those, and far sweeter Berries,  
Your Sister in good store  
Hath in her Lips and Face,  
Be glad, kisse her with me, and hold your peace.

## Icarus.

**V**Hile with audacious Wings  
I cleav'd those airy Waies,  
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Feares,  
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings :  
Dazell'd with Phœbus Rayes,  
And charmed with the Musick of the Spbeares,  
When Quills could move no more and force did faile,  
Though down I fell from Heavens high azure bounds :  
Yet doth Renowne my Losses countervale,  
For still the Shore my brave attempt resounds.  
*A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,*  
*What Mortalls Tombe's so great in Place or Fame.*

On his Lady, beholding her selfe in a Marble.

**V**Orld wonder-not, that I  
Keep in my brest engraven  
That Angels face bath me of Rest bereav'en.  
See Dead and Senselesse things cannot deny  
To lodge so deare a Guest:  
Ev'n this hard Marble Stone  
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groane.

To sleep.

**H**ow comes it Sleep, that thou  
Even kisses me affords  
Of her (deare her) so far who's absent now?  
How did I heare those Words,  
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow?  
Aye me, before halfe day  
Why didst thou steale away?  
Returne, I thine for ever will remaine,  
If thou wilt bring with thee that Guest againe.

A pleasant deceit.

**O**ver a christall Sonre  
Iolas laid his face,  
Of purling Streames to see the restlesse Course.  
But scarce he had o'reshadowed the Place,  
When in the water he a Child espies,  
So like himselfe in stature, Face, and Eyes,  
That glad he rose, and cried,  
Deare Mates approach, see whom I have deserued,  
The Boy of whom strange stories Shepheards tell,  
Oft-called Hylas, dwelleth in this Well.

## The Canon.

**V**hen first the Canon from her gaping Throat,  
Against the Heaven her roaring Sulphur shot,  
Jove wakened with the noise did aske with wonder,  
What Mortall Wight had stolne from him his Thunder:  
His christall Tow'rs he feared, but Fire and Aire  
So high did stay the Ball from mounting there.

## Thais Metamorphosis.

**I**n to Briareus huge  
Thais with'd she might change  
Her Man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,  
Nor fondly thinkt it strange;  
For if (said she) I might the parts dispose,  
I wifl you not a hundred Armes nor Hands,  
But hundred things like those  
With which Priapus in our Garden stands.

## The quality of a Kisse.

**T**he kisse with so much strife  
Which I late got (sweet Hears.)  
Was it a sign of Death, or was it Life?  
Of Life it could not be,  
For I by it did figh my Soule in thee :  
Ne was it Death, Death doth no joy impart.  
Thou silent stand'st, ah ! what d'dst thou bequeath,  
A dying Life to me, or living Death?

## His Ladies Dog.

**V**hen Her deare Fosome clips  
 That little Gur, which fawnes to touch her Lips,  
 Or when it is his hap  
 To lie lap'd in her Lap,  
 O it grows Noon with me,  
 Whib hotter-pointed Beames  
 I burne, then those are which the Sun forth streames,  
 When piercing lightning his Rayes call'd may be :  
 And as I muse how I to shose extremes  
 Am brought, I find no Cause, except that She  
 In Loves bright Zodiack having trac'd each Roome,  
 To the hot Dog-star now at last is come.

## An Almanack.

**T**His strange Eclipse one saies  
 Strange Wonders doth foretell ;  
 But you whose Wives excell,  
 And love to count their Praife,  
 Shut all your gates, your Hedges plant with Thornes,  
 The Sun did threat the World this time with Hornes.

## The Silk-worme of Love.

**A**Dædale of my Death  
 Now I resemble that slie worme on Earth,  
 Whicb prone to its own harme doth take no rest :  
 For Day and Night opprest,  
 I feed on fading Leaves  
 Of Hope which me deceives,  
 And thousand Webs do warpe within my Bresb,  
 And thus in end unto my selfe I weave  
 A fast-skin Prison, or a closer Grave.

Deep impression of Love to his Mistris;

**VV** *How a mad Dog doth bite,  
He doth in Water still  
That mad Dogs Image see :  
Love mad (perhaps) when he my Heart did smite  
(More to dissemble his ill)  
Transform'd himselfe to thee :  
For thou art present ever since to me.  
No Spring there is, no Floud, nor other Place,  
Where I (alas) not see thy Heavenly Face.*

### A Chaine of Gold.

**A** *Re not those Locks of Gold  
Sufficient Chaines the wildest Hearts to hold ?  
Is not that Ivory Hand  
A Diamantine Band,  
Most sure to keep the most untamed Mind,  
But ye must others find ?  
O yes, why is that Golden One then worne ?  
Thus free in Chaines (perhaps) Loves Chaines to scorne,*

### On the Death of a Linnet.

**I** *If cruell Death had Eares,  
Or could be pleas'd by Songs,  
This wing'd Musician had l. v'd many yeares,  
And Nil a mine had never w. p: these Wrongs :  
For when it first took Breath,  
The Heavens their Notes did unto it bequeath ;  
And if that Samians sentences be true,  
Amphion in this Body l. v'd anew.  
But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing heares,  
As he doth Kings, kill'd it, O Grecie ! O Tares !*

## Lilla's Prayer.

L Ove if thou wilt once more  
 That I to thee returne,  
 (Sweet God) make me not burn  
 For quivering Age, that doth spent Daisies deplore.  
 Nor do thou wound my Heart  
 For some unconstant Boy  
 Who joyes to love, yet makes of Love a Toy.  
 But (ah!) if I must prove thy golden Dart,  
 Of grace, O let me find  
 A sweet young Lover with an aged Mind.  
 Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,  
 (Who beard) Deare have thy w<sup>s</sup>h, for such am I.

## Armelins Epitaph.

N Eare to this Eglantine  
 Enclosed lies the milke-white Armeline;  
 Once Cloris only joy,  
 Now only her annoy,  
 Who envied was of the most happy Swaines  
 That keep their Flocks in Mountaines, Dales, or Plains:  
 For oft she bore the wanton in her Arme,  
 And oft her Bed, and Bosome did he warne;  
 Now when unkinde Fates did him destroy,  
 Blest Dog he had the Grace,  
 That Cloris for him wet with teares her Face.

## Epitaph.

T He Bawd of Justice, he who Laws controll'd,  
 And made them fawn, and frown as he got gold,  
 That Proteus of our State, whose Heart and Mouth  
 Were farther distant than is North from South,  
 That

*That Cormorant who made himselfe so grosse  
On Peoples Ruine, and the Princes Loss,  
Is gone to Hell, and though he here did evill,  
He there perchance may prove an honest Devill.*

## A Translation.

*F*ierce Robbers were of old  
Exil'd the Champian Ground,  
From Hamlets chas'd, in Cities kill'd, or bound,  
And only Woods, Caves, Mountaines, did them hold :  
But now (when all is sold)  
Woods, Mountaines, Caves, to good Men be refuge,  
And do the Guylfesse lodge,  
And clad in Purple Gowns  
The greatest Thieves command within the Towns.

## Epitaph.

*T*hen Death thee hath beguil'd  
Alectos first borne Child ;  
Then thou who thrall'd all Laws  
Now against Wormes cannot maintaine thy Cause :  
Yet Wormes (more just than thou) now do no Wrong,  
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long ;  
For though from Life thou didst but lately passe,  
Twelve Springs are gone since thou corrupted w'st.



*Come Citizens, erect to death an Altar,  
Who keeps you from Axe, Fuell, Timber, Halter.*

A Jes. 2. b. 20. m. 2. l. 2. h.

In a most holy Church, a holy man,  
 Unto a holy Saint with Visage wan,  
 And Eyes like Fountaines, mumbled forth a Prayer,  
 And with strange Words and Sighs made black the Aire.  
 And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,  
 A thousand crosses on himselfe he lay'd,  
 And with some sacred Beads hung on his Arme  
 His Eyes, his Mouth, his Temples, Breast did charme.  
 Thus not content (strange Worship hath no end)  
 To kisse the Earth at last he did pretend,  
 And bowing down besought with humble grace,  
 An aged Woman neare to give some place :  
 She turn'd, and turning up her Hole beneath,  
 Said, Sir kisse here for it is all but Earth.

## Proteus of Marble.

This is no work of Stone,  
 Though it seems breathlesse, cold, and sense barbunay  
 But that false God which keeps  
 The monstrous people of the raging Deepes :  
 Now that he doth not change his shape this while,  
 It is thus constant more you to bewile.

## Pamphilus.

Some Ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,  
 I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

Apelles

*Apelles enamour'd of Campaspe, Alexanders Mistris.*

Poor Painter while I sought  
To counterfeit by Art  
The fairest Frame which Nature ever wrought,  
And having limm'd each Part  
Except her wachlesse Eyes :  
Scarce on those Suns I gaz'd,  
As Lightning falls from Skies,  
When straight my Hand grew weake, my Mind amaz'd,  
And ere that Pencill halfe them had express'd,  
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my Brest.

### Campaspe.

ON Stars shall I exclaine,  
Which thus my Fortune change,  
Or shall I else revenge  
Upon my selfe this shame,  
Inconstant Monarch, or shall I thee blame  
Who lets Apelles prove  
The sweet Delights of Alexanders Love ?  
No, Stars, my selfe, and thee, I all forgive,  
And Joyes, that thau I live ;  
Of thee, blind King, my Beauty was despis'd,  
Thou didst not know it, now being known'tis priz'd.

### Cornucopia.

IF for one only Horne,  
Which Nature to him gave,  
So famous is the noble Unicorn  
What praise should that Man have,  
Whose Head a Lady brave  
Doth with a goodly paire at once adorne ?

Love

## Love suffers no Parafol.

**T**hose Eyes, deare Eyes, be Sphareas  
 Where two bright Suns are roll'd,  
 That faire Hand to behold  
 Of whitest Snow appearest  
 Then while ye coyly stand  
 To hide from me those Eyes,  
 Sweet I would you advise  
 To chuse some other fanne than that white Hand:  
 For if ye do, for truthe most true this know,  
 Those Suns ere long must needs consume warme Snow.

## Unpleasant Musick.

**I**n fields Ribaldo stray'd  
 Mayes Tapestry to see,  
 And bearing on a Tree  
 A Cuckow sing, sigg'd to himselfe and said,  
 Loo how alas even Birds sit mocking me.

## Sleeping Beauty.

**O**sight too dearely bought !  
 Shee sleeps, and though those Eyes  
 Which lighten Cupids Skies  
 Be clos'd, yet such a grace  
 Environett that Place,  
 That I through Wonder to grow faint am brought:  
 Suns if ecclips'd you have such power divine,  
 What power have I t' endure you when you shine ?

## John Alcons Kisse.

**V**V Hat others at their Ear,  
Two Pearles, Camilla at her Nose did weare,  
Whiche Alcon who nought saw  
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty Kisse;  
But having known his misse,  
And felt what Ore be from that Mine did draw,  
When she to come again did him desire,  
He fled, and said, toule Water queneched Fire.

## The Statue of Venus sleeping.

**P**Assenger vexe not thy Mind  
To make me mine Eyes unfold;  
For if thou shouldest them behold,  
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

## Laura to Petrarch.

**I**Rather love a Youth and childish Rime,  
Than thee whose Verse and Head are wise through  
(Time.)

## The Rose.

**F**Low'r which of Adons Blood  
Sprang, when of that cleare Floud  
Which Venus wept, another white was borne:  
The sweet Cynarean Youth thou lively shoures,  
But this sharpe-pointed Thorne  
So proud about thy Crimson Folds that grows,  
What dith it represent?  
Boares Teeth (perhaps) his milk-white Flanke which rents  
O show in one of unesteemed Worth  
That both the kill'd, and killer setteth forth!

## A Lovers Prayer.

**N**eare to a Christall Spring,  
With Thirst and Heat opprest,  
Narcissus faire doth rest,  
Trees, pleasant Trees which those green plains forth bring  
Now interlace your trembling Tops above,  
And make a Canopy unto my Love ;  
So in Heavens highest House when Sun appeares,  
Aurora may you cherish with her Teares.

## Iolas Epitaph.

**H**ere deare Iolas lies,  
Who whilst he liv'd in Beauty did surpass  
That Boy, whose heavenly Eyes  
Brought Cypris from above,  
Or him to death who look'd in watry Glasse,  
Even Judge the God of Love.  
And if the Nymph once held of him so deare  
Dorine the faire, would here but shed one Teare,  
Thou shouldest in Natures scorne  
A Purple Flow'r see of this Marble borne.

## The Trojan Horse.

**A** Horse I am, who bit,  
Reine, rod, Spur do not feare,  
When I my Riders beare,  
Within my Wombe, not on my Back they sit.  
No streames I drinke, nor care for Grass or Corne ;  
Art me a Monster wrought  
All Natures workes to scorne ;  
A Mother I was without Mother borne,  
In end all arm'd my Father I forth brought :  
What thousand Ships, and Champions of renowne  
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd Troy's Town.

## For Dorus.

**VV**H, Nais standye nice  
Like to a well wrought Stone,  
When Dorus would you kisse?  
Denie him not that blisse,  
He's but a Child (old Men be Children twice)  
And even a Toothlesse one:  
And when his Lips yours touch in that delight  
To need not feare he will those Cherries bite.

## Love vagabonding.

**S**weet Nymphs, if as ye stray  
To find the frost-borne Goddess of the Sea,  
All blubb'red, pale, undone,  
Who seeks her giddy Son,  
That little God of Love,  
Whose golden shafts your chastest Bosomes prove;  
Who leaving all the Heavens hath run away:  
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart  
Tolber he nightly lodgeth in my Heart.

## To a River.

**S**ith She will not that I  
She is the World my Joy,  
Thou who oft mine annoy  
Hast beard deare Elond, tell Thetis if thou can  
That not a happier Man  
Dost breath beneath the Skie.  
More sweet, more white, more faire,  
Lips, Hands, and Amber Haire,  
Tell none did ever touch,  
A smaller daintier Waste  
Tell never was embrac't  
But peice since she forbids thee tell too much.

Lida.

## Lids.

**S**uch Lids is, that who her sees,  
Through Envy, or through Love, straight dies.

## Phræne.

**A**onian Sisters help my Phrænes Praise to tell,  
Phræne heart of my heart, with whom the Graces  
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know dwell,  
What first to praise of her, her Brest, or Neck of Snow,  
Her Cheeks with Roses spred, or her two Sun-like Eyes,  
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where Sweetnes lies  
But those so praise themselves, being to all Eyes set forth,  
That Mules ye need not to say ought of their Worth,  
Then her white swelling Paps essay for to make known,  
But her white swelling paps through smallest vail are shown,  
Yet She hath something else more worthy than the rest  
Not seen go sing of that which lies beneath her brest,  
And mountes like fair Parnasse, where Pegasse well doth run;  
Here Phræne stay'd my Muse ere she had well begun.

## Kisses desired.

**T**hough I with strange Desire  
To kisse those rosie Lips am set on fire,  
Yet will I cease to crave  
Sweet kisses in such store,  
As he who long before  
In thousands them from Lesbia did receive:  
Sweet heart but once me kisse,  
And I by that sweet blisse  
Even sware to cease you to importune more;  
Poore one no number is.  
Another Word of me ye shall not heare  
After one Kisse, but still one Kisse my Deare.

## Desired Death.

**D**EAR Life while I do touch  
These Corall Ports of blisse,  
Which still themselves do kis,  
And sweetly me invite to do as much.

All panting in my Lips,  
My Heart my life doth leave,  
No sense my Senses have,  
And inward Powers do find a strange Eclipse :  
This Death so heavenly well  
Doth so me please, that I  
Would never longer seeke in sense to dwell,  
If that even thus I only could but dye.

Phœbe.

**I**F for to be alone, and all the Night to wander,  
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe without  
(f slander.)

Answer.

**F**OOLE, still to be alone, all Night in Heaven to wander,  
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste with-  
(out slander.)

The cruelty of Rora.

**V**HILST fighting forth his Wrongs,  
In sweet, though dolefull Songs,  
Alexis sought to charme his Roras Eares,  
The Hils were heard to moane,  
To sigh each Spring appeared,  
Trees, bardest Trees through Rine distill'd their Teares,  
And soft grew every Stone :  
But Teares, nor Sighs, nor Songs could Rora move,  
For she rejoiced at his plaint and love.

## A Kisse.

**H**Arke, happy Lovers, harke,  
This first and last of joyes,  
This sweetner of Annoyes,  
This Nectar of the Gods,  
You call a Kisse, is with it selfe at odds  
And halfe so sweet is not  
In equall Measure got,  
At light of Sun, as it is in the darke,  
Harke, happy Lovers, harke.

## Kalas Complaint.

**K**Ala old Mopius Wife,  
Kala with fairest Face,  
For whom the Neighbour Swaines oft were at strife,  
As she to milke her snowy Flock did tend,  
Sigh'd with a heavy Grace,  
And said: What wretch like me doth lead her life?  
I see not how my Taske shall have an end.  
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,  
All Night mine empty Husband, soft and cold.

## Phillis.

**I**N Peticoat of greene,  
Her Haire about her Eyne,  
Phillis beneath an Oake  
Sate milking her faire flock:  
Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)  
Her hand seem'd milke, in milke it was so white.

## A Wish.

**T**O forge to mighty Jove  
The thunder-bolts above,  
Nor on this Round below  
Rich Midas skill to know,  
And make all Gold I touch,  
Do I desire, it is for me too much ;  
Of all the Arts practis'd beneath the Skie,  
I wold but Phillis Lapidarie be.

## Nisa.

**N**ISA, Palemons Wife, him weeping told  
He kept not Grammar rules now being old,  
For why (quoth she) position false make ye,  
Putting a shord shing where along should be.

## A Lovers Heaven.

**T**Hose Stars, nay Suns, which turne  
So statly in their Sphæres,  
And dazeling do not burne,  
The Beauty of the Morne  
Which on these cheeks appears,  
The Harmony which to that voice is given,  
Makes me thinke you are Heaven.  
If Heaven you be, O that by powerfull Charmes,  
I Atlas were enfolded in your armes ?

## Epitaph.

**T**HIS deare, though not-repected Earth, doth hold  
One for his worth whose Tombe should be of gold.

## Beauties Idea.

**V**Ho would Perfections faire Idea see,  
On pretty Cloris let him look with me ;  
White is her haire, her Teeth white, white her Skin,  
Black be her Eyes, her Eye-brows Cupids Inye :  
Her Locks, her Body, bands do long appeare,  
But Teeth short, short her Wombe, and either Eare ;  
The space 'twixt Shoulders, Eyes are wide, Brow wide,  
Strait Waste, the Mouth strait, and her virgin Pride.  
Thick are her Lips, Thighs, with Bankes swelling there,  
Her Nose is small, small Fingers, and her Haire :  
Her sugred Mouth, her Cheeke, her Nailles be red,  
Little her Foot, Brest little, and her Head.

Such Venus was, such was that Flame of Troy,  
Such Cloris is, mine Hope, and only Joy.

## Lalus Death.

**A**Midst the Waves profound,  
Far, far from all Relief,  
The honest Fisher Lalus, ah ! is drown'd,  
Shut this little Skiffe :  
The Boards of which did serve him for a Biere,  
So that when he to the black World came neare  
Of him no Silver greedy Charon got,  
For he in his own Boat  
Did passe that Flond, by which the Gods do sweare.



FLOWERS of SION:  
OR  
SPIRITUALL POEMS,  
By W. D.



**T**Riumphant Arches, Statues crown'd with Bayes,  
Proud Obeliske, Tombes of the valtest Frame,  
Brazen Colosles *Atlas*es of Fame,  
And Temples builded to vaine Deities praise :  
States which unsatiate Minds in bloud do raise,  
From Southerne Pole unto the Artick Teame,  
And even what we write to keep our Name,  
Like Spiders Caules are made the sport of Daies ;  
All only constant is in constant Change ;  
What done is, is undone, and when undone,  
Into some other figure doth it range,  
Thus rolls the restlesse World beneath the Moon :  
Wherfore (my Mind) above Time, Motion, Place,  
Aspire, and Step, not reach'd by Nature, trace.



A Good that never satisfies the Mind,  
A Beauty fading like the Aprill flow'rs,  
A Sweet with flouds of Gall that runs combin'd,  
A Pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
A Honour that more fickle is than wind,  
A Glory at Opinions frown that low'r's,  
A Treasury which bankrupt Time devoures,  
A Knowledge than grave Ignorance more blind :  
A vaine Delight our equalls to command,  
A Stile of greatnesse, in effect a Dreame,  
A swelling Thought of holding Sea and Land,  
A servile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name :  
Are the strange Ends we toyle for here below,  
Till wisest Death make us our errours know,



I Ife a right shadow is,  
For if it long appeare,  
Then is it spent, and Deaths long Night draws neare ;  
Shadows are moving, light,  
And is there ought so moving as is this ?  
When it is most in Sight,  
It steales away, and none knows how or where,  
So neare our Cradles so our Coffins are.



**L**ook as the Flow'r which lingringly doth fade,  
The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queen,  
Spoyl'd of that Juyce which kept it fresh and green,  
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :  
Right so the pleasures of my Life being dead,  
Or in their Contraries but only seen,  
With swifter speed declines than erst it spred,  
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.  
Therefore, as doth the Pilgrim, whom the Night  
Hast darkly to imprison on his way,  
Thinke on thy Home ( my Soule ) and thinke aright,  
Of what's yet left thee of Lifes wasting Day ;  
Thy Sun posts Westward, passed is thy Morne,  
And twice it is not given thee to be borne.



**T**He weary Mariner so far not flies  
An howling Tempest, Harbour to attaine,  
Nor Shepheard hastes (when frayes of Wolves arise )  
So fast to Fold to save his bleating traine,  
As I ( wing'd with Contempt and just Disdaine )  
Now flie the World, and what it most doth prize,  
And Sanctuary seek free to remaine  
From wounds of abject Times, and Envies eyes ;  
To me this World did once seem sweet and faire,  
While Senses light, Minds Perspective kept blind ;  
Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,  
And weeping Raine-bows her best Joyes I find :  
Or if ought here is bad that pracie should have,  
It is an obscure Life, and silent Grave.



O F this faire Volume which we World do name,  
 If we the sheets and leaves could turne with care,  
 Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
 We cleare might read the Art and Wisdome rare,  
 Find out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,  
 His Providence extending every-where,  
 His Justice which proud Rebels doth not spare,  
 In every Page, no, Period of the same :  
 But silly we like foolish Children rest,  
 Well pleas'd with colour'd Velum, Leaves of Gold,  
 Fair dangling Ribbands, leaving what is best,  
 On the great Writers sense ne're taking hold ;  
 Or if by chance we stay our Minds on ought,  
 It is some Picture on the Margine wrought.



T He Griefe was common, common were the cries,  
 Teares, Sobs, and Groanes of that afflicted Traine,  
 Which of Gods chosen did the Sum containe,  
 And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies ;  
 All good had left the World, each Vice did raign  
 In the most monstrous iorts Hell could devise,  
 And all Degrees, and each Estate did staine,  
 Nor further had to go whom to surprize ;  
 The World beneath, the Prince of Darknesse lay,  
 And in each Temple had himselfe install'd,  
 Was sacrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,  
 Responses gave, which (fooles) they did obey :  
 When (pitying Man) God of a Virgines wombe  
 Was borne, and those false Deities strooke dumbe.



**R**un (Shepheards) run, where *Bethlem* blest appears,  
We bring the best of News, be not dismay'd,  
A Saviour there is borne, more old than yeares,  
Amidst the rolling Heaven this Earth who stay'd;  
In a poore Cottage Inn'd, a Virgin Maid,  
A weakling did him beare who all upbeares,  
There he in Cloaths is wrapt, in Manger laid,  
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares.  
Run (Shepheards) run, and solemnize his Birth,  
This is that Night, no, Day grown great with Blisse,  
In which the Power of *Satan* broken is,  
In Heaven be Glory, Peace unto the Earth;  
Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,  
And all the Stars re-echoed the same.



**O**Than the fairest day, thrice fairer night,  
Night to best Daisies, in which a Sun doth rife,  
Of which the golden Eye which cleares the Skies,  
Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow light;  
And blessed ye (in silly Pastors sight)  
Mild Creatures in whose warme Crib now lies,  
That Heaven-sent Youngling, holy-Maid-born Wight,  
'Midst, end, beginning of our Prophees:  
Blest Cottage that hath Flow'r's in Winter spread,  
Though withered blest Graſſe, that hath the grace  
To deck and be a Carpet to that Place.

Thus singing to the sounds of oaten Reed  
Before the Babe, the Shepheards bow'd their knees,  
And Springs ran Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.



To spread the azure Canopy of Heaven,  
 And make it twinkle with those spangs of Gold,  
 To stay the pondrous Globe of Earth so even,  
 That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;  
 To give strange motions to the Planets seven,  
 Or Jove to make so meek, or Mars so bold,  
 To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
 Of all their Jars that sweet accords are given :  
 Lord, to thy Wisdom's nought; nought to thy Might,  
 But that thou shouldest (thy Glory laid aside )  
 Come meanely in mortality to 'uide,  
 And die for those deserv'd eternall plight,  
 A wonder is so far above our wit,  
 That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.



The last and greatest Herald of Heavens King,  
 Girt with rough Skins, hies to the Desarts wild,  
 Among that savage brood the Woods forth bring,  
 Which he more barmelesse found than man, and mild ;  
 His food was Locusts, and what there doth spring,  
 With Honey that from Virgine Hives distill'd,  
 Parcht Body, hollow Eyes, some uncouth thing  
 Made him appeare, long since from Earth exil'd,  
 There burst he forth, all ye whose Hopes rely  
 On God, with me amidst these Desarts mourne,  
 Repent, repent, and from old errours turne.

Who list'ned to his voice, obey'd his cry ;  
 Only the Echoes, which he made relent,  
 Rung from their flinty Caves, repent, repent.



**T**Hele Eyes (deare Lord) once Tapers of Desire,  
 Fraile Scouts betraying whst they had to keep,  
 Which their own heart, then others set on fire,  
 Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;  
 These Locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,  
 Waves curling, wrackfull shelves to shadow deep,  
 Rings wedding Soules to Sins lethargick sleep,  
 To touch thy sacred Feet do now aspire.  
 In Seas of care behold a sinking Bark,  
 By winds of sharpe remorse unto thee driven,  
 O let me not be Ruines asym'd-at marke,  
 My faults confess (Lord) say they are forgiven.  
 Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian faire,  
 His teare-wet Feet still drying with her Haire.



**I** changed Countries new delights to find,  
 But ah ! for pleasure I did find new paine,  
 Enchanting Pleasure so did Reason blind,  
 That Fathers love and words I scorn'd as vaine,  
 For Tables rich, for bed, for following traine  
 Of carefull servants to observe my Mind,  
 These Heards I keep my fellows are assign'd,  
 My Bed's a Rock, and Herbs my Life sustaine.  
 Now while I famine feele, feare worser harmes,  
 Father and Lord I turne, thy Love (yet great)  
 My faults will pardon, pity mine estate.

This where an aged Oake had spread its Armes  
 Thought the lost Child, while as the Heards he led,  
 And pin'd with hunger on wild Acorns fed.



If that the World doth in amaze remaine,  
 To heare in what a sad deploring mood,  
 The Pelican poures from her brest her Bloud,  
 To bring to life her younglings back againe ?  
 How shold we wonder at that soveraigne Good,  
 Who from that Serpents sting (that had us slaine)  
 To save our lives,shed his Lifes purple flood,  
 And turn'd to endlesse Joy our endlesse Paine ?  
 Ungratefull Soule, that charm'd with false Delight,  
 Halt long long wander'd in Sins flowry Path,  
 And didst not thinke at all, or thoughtst not right  
 On this thy Pelicans great Love and Death,  
 Here pause, and let (though Earth it scorn) heaven see  
 Thee poure forth tears to him pour'd Bloud for thee.



If in the East when you do there behold  
 Forth from his Christall Bed the Sun to rise,  
 With rosie Robes and Crowne of flaming Gold ;  
 If gazing on that Empresse of the Skies  
 That takes so man, formes, and those faire Brands  
 Which blaze in Heavens high Vault, Nights watchful  
 If seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands (eyes ;  
 Of bellowing Billows have their course confin'd,  
 How unsustain'd the Earth still stedfast stands ;  
 Poore mortall Wights, you're found in your Mind  
 A thought, that some great King did sit above,  
 Who had such Laws and Rites to them assign'd ?  
 A King who fix'd the Poles, made Spheares to move,  
 All Wisdome, Purenesse, Excellency, Might,  
 All Goodnesse, Greatnesse, Justice, Beauty, Love ;

With

With feare and wonder bither turne your Sight,  
 See, see (alas) him now, not in that State  
 Thought could fore-cast Him into Reasons light.  
 Now Eyes with tears, now Hearts with griefe make great,  
 Bemoane this cruell Death and ruthfull case,  
 If ever Plaints just Woe could aggravate?  
 From Sin and Hell to save us humante Race,  
 See this great King nail'd to an abject Tree,  
 An obiect of reproach and sad disgrace.  
 O unheard Pity! Love in strange degree!  
 He his own Life doth give, his Bloody doth shed,  
 For Wormelings base such Worshippes to see.  
 Poore Wights, behold his Visage pale as Lead,  
 His Head bow'd to His Brest, Locks sadly rent,  
 Like a cropt Rose that languishing doth fade.  
 Weake Nature weepes, astonisht World lament,  
 Lament, you Winds, yet Heaven that all containes,  
 And thou (my Soule) let nought thy Griefes relent.  
 Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the reines  
 Of this great All, and kept from muuall wars  
 The Elements, beare rent for thee their Veines:  
 Those Feet which once must trade on golden Stars,  
 For thee with Nails would be pierc'd through and torn,  
 For thee Heavens King from Heaven himselfe debars:  
 This great heart-quaking Dolor waile and mourne,  
 Yee that long since Him saw by might of Faith,  
 Ye now that are, and ye yet to be borne.  
 Not to behold his great Creators Death,  
 The Sun from sinfull eyes hath vail'd his light,  
 And faintly journeys up Heavens saphyre Path:  
 And cutting from her Frows her Tresses bright,  
 The Moone doth keep her Lords sad Obsequies,  
 Impearling with her Teares her Robe of Night.  
 All staggering and lazie lowre the Skies,  
 The Earth and elementall Stages quake,  
 The long-since dead from burstèd Graves arise.

And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,  
And beare a part with him who all them wrought ?  
And Man (though borne with cries) shall pity lack ?  
Thinke what had been your state, had he not brought  
To these sharpe Pangs himselfe, and priz'd so high  
Your soules, that with his Life them life he bough't.  
What woes do you attend ? if still ye lye  
Plung'd in your wonted ordures ? wretched Brood,  
Shall for your sake againe Gode ever die ?  
O leave deluding shewes, embrase true good,  
He on you calls, forgo Sins shamefull trade,  
With Prayers now seek Heaven, and not with Blond.  
Let not the Lambs more from their Dams be had,  
Nor Altars blush for sin, live every thing,  
That long time long'd for sacrifice is made.  
All that is from you crav'd by this great King  
Is to beleve, a pure Heart Incense is,  
What gift (alas) can we him meauer bring ?  
Haste sin-sick Soules, this season do not misse,  
Now while remorselesse Time doth grant you space,  
And God invites you to your only Blisse :  
He who you calls will not deny you Grace,  
But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent,  
His Armes (lo) stretched are yow to embrase.  
When Daies are done, and Lifes small sparke is spent,  
So you accept what freely here is given,  
Like brood of Angels deablesse, all-content,  
Ye shall for ever live with him in Heaven.



Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing Bands,  
 Faire Citizens of that immortall Town,  
 Come see that King which all this All commands,  
 Now (overcharg'd with Love) die for his own ;  
 Look on those Nailes which pierce his Feet and Hands,  
 What a sharpe Diadem his Brows doth crown ?  
 Behold his pallid Face, his heavy frown,  
 And what a throng of Thieves him mocking stands,  
 Come forth ye Empyrean Tropes, come forth,  
 Preserve this sacred Bloud that Earth adorns,  
 Gather those liquid Roses off his Thornes,  
 O ! to be lost they be of too much worth :

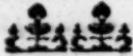
For Streams, Juice, Balm they are, which quench, kills,  
 charms  
 Of God, Death, Hell, the wrath, the life, the harmes.



Soule, whom Hell did once int'brall,  
 He, He for thine offence,  
 Did suffer Death, who could not die at all.  
 O souveraine Excellence,  
 O life of all that lives,  
 Eternall Bounty which each good thing gives,  
 How could Death mount so high ?  
 No wit this Point can reach,  
 Faith only doth us teach,  
 He died for us at all who could not dye.



Ife to give life, deprived is of Life,  
 And Death diplay'd hath Ensigne against Death;  
 So violent the Rigour was of Death,  
 That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life:  
 No Power had Pow'r to thrall Lifes Pow'rs to Death,  
 But willingly Life down hath laid Life,  
 Love gave the wound which wrought this worke of  
 His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of Life. (Death,  
 Now quakes the Author of eternall Death,  
 To find that they whom late he left of Life,  
 Shall fill his Roome above the lists of Death,  
 Now all rejoice in Death who hope for Life.  
 Dead Jesus lies, who Death hath kill'd by Death,  
 No Tombe his Tombe is but new Source of Life.



Ife from those fragrant Climes, thee now embrace,  
 Unto this World of Ours O haste thy Race,  
 Fare Sun, and though contrarie waies all yeare  
 Thou hold thy course, now with the highest Sheare,  
 Joyne thy blaw Wheeles to hasten Time that lowrs,  
 And lazy Minutes turne to perfect Hours,  
 The Night and Death too long a leaguer have made,  
 To stow the World in Horrores ugly shade:  
 Shake from thy Locks a Day with Safron rases  
 So faire, that it outshine all other daies,  
 And yet do not presume (great Eye of Light)  
 To be that which this Day must make so bright,  
 See an Eternall Sun hastes to arise,  
 Not from the Easterne blarking Seas or Skies,  
 Or any stranger Worlds Heavens Concaves have,  
 But from the Darknesse of an hollow Grave.

And this is that all-powerfull Sun above,  
 That crown'd thy Brows with Rays, first made thee move.  
 Lights Trumpeters, ye need not from your Bow'r's  
 Proclaime this Day, this the angelick Pow'r's  
 Have done for you; But now an opall bew  
 Bepaints Heavens Christall, to the longing view  
 Earths late hid Colours shine, Light doth adorne  
 The World, and (weeping Joy) forth comes the Mornes;  
 And with her, as from a Lethargick Trance  
 The breath return'd that Bodies doth advance,  
 Which two sad Nights in Rock lay coffin'd dead,  
 And with an iron Guard invironed:  
 Life out of Death, Light out of Darknesse springs,  
 From a base Jaile forth comes the King of Kings;  
 What late was mortall, thrall'd to every woe,  
 That Lackey's life, or upon sense doth grow,  
 Immortall is, of an eternall Stampe,  
 Far brighter beaming than the morning Lampe.  
 So from a black Eclipse out-peares the Sun:  
 Such [when her course of Daisies have on her run,  
 In a far Forrest in the pearly East,  
 And she her selfe hath burnt and spacie Nest]  
 The lovely Bird with youthfull Pens and Combe,  
 Doth sore from out her Cradle and her Tombe:  
 So a small seed that in the Earth lies hid  
 And dies, revsing bursts her cloddy Side,  
 Adorn'd with yellow Locks, of new is borne,  
 And doth become a Mother great with Corne,  
 Of Graines brings hundreds with it, which when old,  
 Enrich the Furrows which do float with Gold.

Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile,  
 That Hell doth ransake, against Death prevale,  
 O how thou long'd for com'st! with joyfull cries,  
 The all-triumphing Palatines of Skies  
 Salute thy rising, Earth would Joyes no more  
 Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore:

A silly Tombe should not his Flesh enclose,  
 Who did Heavens trembling Tayasses dispose;  
 No Monument should such a Jewell hold,  
 No Rock, though Ruby, Diamond, and Gold.  
 Thou didst lament and pity humane Race,  
 Bestowing on us of thy free-given Grace  
 More than we forfeited and losed first,  
 In Eden Rebells when we were accurst.

Then Earth our portion was, Earths Joyes but given,  
 Earth and Earths Blisse thou hast exchang'd with heauen,  
 O what a bight of good upon us streames  
 From the great splendor of thy Bonnies Beames?  
 When we deseru'd shame, horrour, flames of wrath,  
 Thou bledst our wounds, and suffer didst our Death,  
 But Fathers Justice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'recome,  
 In triumph now thou risest from thy Tombe,  
 With Glories which past Sorrows countervale,  
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Hence humble sense, and hence ye Guides of sens,  
 We now reach Heaven, your weake intelligence  
 And searching Pow'rs were in a flash made dim,  
 Tolcarne from all Eternity, that him  
 The Father bred, then that he here did come  
 (His Bearers Paren) in a Virgins Wombe;  
 But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with Thorne,  
 Nail'd to a Tree, all breathlesse, bloudlesse, borne,  
 Entomb'd, him risen from a Grave to find,  
 Confounds your Cunning, swernes, like Moles, you blind.  
 Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,  
 Nay, didst each other Birth eat up and waste,  
 Impiorous, barefull, pitilesse, unjust,  
 Unpartial equaller of all with dust,  
 Sterne Executioner of heavenly doome,  
 Made fruitfull, now Lifes Mother art become,  
 A sweet relief of Cares the Scule molst,  
 An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Rest,

*Put off thy mourning Weeds, yeeld all thy Gall  
To dayly sinning Life, proud of thy fall,  
Assemble all thy Captives, haste to rise,  
And every Coarse in Earth-quakes where it lies,  
Sound from each flowry Grave, and rocky Jaille,  
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.*

*The World that wanning late and faint did lie,  
Applauding to our Joyes, thy Victory,  
To a young Prime Effayes to turne againe,  
And as ere soyl'd with Sin yet to remaine,  
Her chilling Agues she begins to misse,  
All Blisse returning with the Lord of Blisse.  
With greater light Heavens Temples opened shone,  
Morns smiling rise, Evens blushing do decline,  
Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous Winds are calme,  
Soft Zephyres do the Fields with sighs embalmse,  
In silent calmes the Seabath busht his Roares,  
And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the Shoares:  
All-bearing Earth like a new-married Queene,  
Her Beauties brightens, in a Gown of Greene  
Perfumes the Aire, her Meads are wrought with flow'rs,  
In colours various. figures, smelling, pow'rs,  
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavy Locks,  
Her Hills enamell'd stand, the Vales, the Rocks  
Ring peales of Joy, her Floods and prauling Brookes,  
(Stars liquid Mirrors) with serpenting Crooks,  
And whispering murmures, sound unto the Maine,  
The Golden Age returned is againe.  
The honey People leave their golden Bew'rs,  
And innocently prey on budding Flow'rs,  
In gloomy Shades percht on the tender Sprays  
The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:  
Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diversly do sound,  
Yet all their diverse Notes hath but one ground,  
Re-eccho'd here-down from Heavens azure Vaille,  
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.*

O Day on which Deaths Adamantine Chaine  
The Lord did breake, did ransack Satans Raigne,  
And in trumpeing Pompe his Trophies rear'd,  
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd  
With Name of his own Day, the Law is Grace,  
Types to their substance yeeld, to thee give place  
The old New-Moons, with all festivall Daisies,  
And what above the rest deserueth praise  
The reverend Sabaoth, what could else they be  
Than golden Heraulds, telling what by thee  
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou cleare,  
And henceforth be thou Empresse of the yeare,  
This Glory of thy Sisters Sex to win,  
From worke on thee, as other Daisies from Sin,  
That Mankind shall forbear, in every place  
The Prince of Planets warmth in his race;  
And far beyond his paths in frozen Climes,  
And may thou be so blest to out-date Times,  
That when Heavens Quire shall blaze in Accents lound  
The many Mercies of their soveraigne Good,  
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell destroy,  
It may be still the Burthen of their Joy.





Beneath a sable veile, and Shadows deep,  
 Of unaccessible and dimming light,  
 In silence Ebon clouds more black than Night,  
 The Worlds great Mind his seerets hid doth keep :  
 Through those thick Mists when any mortall Wight  
 Aspires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weep  
 To pry, and in his Mysteries to creep,  
 With Thunders he and Lightnings blasts their Sight,  
 O Sun invisible, that dost abide  
 Within thy bright abysses, most faire, most darke,  
 Where with thy proper Rais thou dost thee hide,  
 O ever-shining, never full-scene marke,  
 To guide me in Lifes Night, thy light me show,  
 The more I search of thee, the lesse I know.



If with such passing Beauty, choice Delights,  
 The Architect of this great Round did frame,  
 This Pallace visible, short lists of Fame,  
 And silly Mansion but of dying Wights ;  
 How many Wonders, what amazing lights  
 Must that triumphing Seat of Glory claime ,  
 That doth transcend all this Alls vaste hights,  
 Of whose bright Sun ours here is but a beamc ?  
 O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place !  
 Where visibly th' Invisible doth raigne,  
 Blest People which do see true Beauties Face,  
 With whose far Shadows scarce he Earth doth daigne;  
 All Joy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,  
 Match'd with your endlesse Blisse and happy life.

and

Love



L Ove which is here a care,  
 That Wit and Will doth mar,  
 Uncertaine Truce, and a most certaine War,  
 A shrill tempestuous Wind,  
 Which doth disturbe the Mind,  
 And like wild Waves all our designes commove ;  
 Among those Pow'rs above,  
 Which see their Makers Face,  
 It a contentment is, a quiet Peace,  
 A Pleasure void of Griefe, a constant rest,  
 Eternall Joy, which nothing can molest.



T Hat space where curled Waves do now divide  
 From the great Continent our happy Isle,  
 Was sometime Land, and now where Ships do glide,  
 Once with laborious Art the Plough did toyle :  
 Once those faire Bounds stretcht out so far and wide,  
 Where Towns, no Shires enwall'd, endear each mile,  
 Were all ignoble Sea and marshy vyle,  
 Where Protens Flocks danc'd measures to the Tide  
 So Age transforming all still forward runs,  
 No wonder though the Earth doth change her Face,  
 New Manners, Pleasures new, turne with new Suns,  
 Locks now like Gold grow to an hoary grace ;  
 Nay, Minds rare shape doth change, that lies despis'd  
 Which was so deare of late and highly priz'd.

## §.§.§.

**T**HIS WORLD A HUNTING IS,  
The Prey poore Men, the Nimrod fierce is Death,  
His speedy Grayhounds are,  
Lust, Sicknesse, Envy, Care,  
Strife that ne're falls amiss,  
With all those ills which haunt us while we breath.  
Now, if by chance we flee  
Of these the eager chace,  
Old Age with stealing pace  
Casts on his Nets, and there we panting die.

## §.§.§.

**VV**HY ( Worldlings ) do ye trust fraile Honours  
dreames ?  
And leane to guilted Glories which decay ?  
Why do ye toyle to registrate your Names  
On Ycie Pillars, which soon melt away ?  
True Honour is not here, that place it claimes  
Where black-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,  
Nor no fat-shining lampe dives in the Sea,  
But an eternall Sun spreads lasting Beames ;  
There, it attendeth you, where spotlesse Bands  
Of Sp'rits stand gazing on their soveraigne Blisse,  
Where yeares not hold it in their cank'ring hands,  
But who once noble, ever noble is.  
Look home, lest he your weakned Wit make thrall,  
Who Edens foolish Gard'ner earst made fall.

## §. §. §.

**A**s are those Apples, pleasant to the Eye,  
But full of smoake within, which use to grow  
Neere that strange Lake where God powr'd from the  
Skie

Huge shew'rs of flames, worse flames to overthrow :  
Such are their works that with a glaring Show  
Of humble holinesse, in Vertues dye  
Would colour mischiefe, while within they glow  
With coales of Sin, though none the Smoake descry.  
Bad is that Angell that earst fell from Heaven,  
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case  
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,  
And with a Doves white feathers cloathes a Raven :

Each Sin some colour hath it to adorne,  
Hypocrisie All-mighty God doth scorne.

## §. §. §.

**N**ew doth the Sun appeare,  
The Mountaines Snows decay,  
Crown'd with fraise flow'rs forth comes the Infant yeare;  
My Soule, Time post's away,  
And thou yet in that frost  
Which Flow'r and fruit hath lost,  
As if all here immortall were doft stay :  
For shame ! by Powers awake,  
Look so that Heaven which never Night makes blacke,  
And there at that immortall Suns bright Raies,  
Deck thee with Flow'rs which feare not rage of Daisies.



**T**Hrice happy he who by some shady Grove,  
 Far from the clamorous World, doth live his own,  
 Though solitary, who is not alone,  
 But doth converse with that eternall Love :  
**O** how more sweet is Birds harmonious Moane,  
 Or the hoarse Sobbings of the widow'd Dove,  
 Than those smooth whisperings neer a Princes Throne,  
 Which Good make doubtfull do the evill approve ?  
**O** how more sweet is Zephyres wholesome Breath,  
 And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,  
 Than that applause vaine Honour doth bequeath ?  
 How sweet are Streames to poyson dranke in Gold ?  
 The World isfull of Horours, Troubles, Slights,  
 Woods harmelesse Shades have only true Delights.



**S**weet Bird, that sing'st away the carely Houres,  
 Of Wisters past, or comming void of Care,  
 Well pleased with Delights which present are,  
 Faire Seasons, budding Spraes, sweet-smelling Flow'rs :  
 To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'r  
 Thou thy Creators Goodnesse dost declare,  
 And what deare Gifts on thee he did not spare,  
 A staine to humane tense in Sin that low'r.  
 What Soule can be so sick, which by thy Songs  
 (Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetly is not driven  
 Quite to forget Earths turmoiles, spights, and Wrongs,  
 And lift a reverend Eye and Thought to Heaven ?  
 Sweet Artlesse Songster, thou my Mind dost raise  
 To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Laycs.



**A**S when it hapneth that some lovely Town  
 Unto a barbarous Besieger falls,  
 Who both by Sword and Flame himselfe enstalls,  
 And (shamelesse) it in Teares and Bloud doth drown ;  
 Her Beauty spoyl'd, her Citizens made Thralls,  
 His spight yet cannot so her all throw down,  
 But that some Statue, Pillar of reown,  
 Yet lurkes unmaim'd within her weeping walls :  
 So after all the Spoile, Disgrace and Wrack,  
 That Time, the World, and Death could bring combin'd,  
 Amidst that Masse of Ruines they did make,  
 Safe and all scarlessie yet remaines my Mind :

From this so high transcendent Rapture springs,  
 That I, all else defac'd, not envy Kings.



**L**ET us each day enure our selves to dye,  
 If this (and not our feares) be truly Death,  
 Above the Circles both of Hope and Faith  
 With faire immortall Pinnions to flic ;  
 If this be Death, our best Part to untie  
 (By ruining the Jaile) from Lust and Wrath,  
 And every drowsie languor here beneath,  
 To be made deniz'd Citizen of Skie :  
 To have more knowledge than all Books containe,  
 All Pleasures even surmounting wishing Pow'r,  
 The fellowship of Gods immortall Traine,  
 And these that Time nor force shall e're devoure ?

If this be Death, What Joy, what golden care  
 Of Life, can with Deaths ougliness compare ?

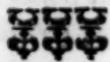


**A** Midst the azure cleare  
 Of Jordans sacred Streames,  
 Jordan of Lebanon the off-spring deare,  
 When Zephires flow'rs unelose,  
 And Sun bines with new Beames,  
 With grave and stately grace a Nymph arose.  
 Upon her Head she ware  
 Of Amaranthes a Crown,  
 Her left hand Palmes, her right a Torch did beare,  
 Unvail'd Skins whiteness lay,  
 Goldhares in Curles hang down,  
 Eyes sparkled Joy, more bright than Star of Day.  
 The Flond a Throns her rear'd  
 Of Waves, most like that Heaven  
 Where beaming Stars in Glory turne enspheard:  
 The Aire stood calme and cleare,  
 No Sigh by Winds was given,  
 Birds left to sing, Heards feed, her voice to heare.  
 World-wandering sorry Wights,  
 Whom nothing can content  
 Within these varying lists of Dales and Nights,  
 Whose life (ere known ansyf)  
 In glistering Griefes is spent,  
 Come learne (said she) what is yowr choisest Bliss.  
 From Toyle and pressing Cares  
 How ye may respit find,  
 A Sanctuary from Soule-thralling Snares,  
 A Port to harbour sure  
 In spight of waves and wind,  
 Which shall when Times swift Glass is runnendure.

Not happy is that Life  
 Which you as happy hold,  
 No, but a Sea of feares, a Field of strife,  
 Charg'd on a Throne to sit  
 With Diadems of Gold,  
 Preserv'd by Force, and still observ'd by Wit ;  
 Huge Treasures to enjoy,  
 Of all her Gems spoyle Inde,  
 All Seres silke in Garments to employ,  
 Deliciously to feed,  
 The Phoenix plumes to find  
 To rest upon, or deck your purple Bed.  
 Fraile Beauty to abuse,  
 And (wanton Sybarites)  
 On past or present touch of sense to muse ;  
 Never to heare of Noise  
 But what the Eare delights,  
 Sweet Musicks charmes, or charming flatterers voice.  
 Nor can it Bliss you bring,  
 Hid Natures Depths to know,  
 Why matter changeth, whence each forme doth spring,  
 Nor that your Fame should range,  
 And after-Worlds it blow  
 From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.  
 All these have not the Pow'r  
 To free the Mind from feares,  
 Nor hideous horrour can allay one houre,  
 When Death in Health doth glance ;  
 In Sickness lurks or yeares,  
 And wakes the Soule from out her mortall Trance.  
 No, but blest life is this,  
 With chaste and pure Desire  
 To turne unto the load-star of all Bliss,  
 On God the Mind to rest,  
 Burnt up with sacred Fire,  
 Possessing him to be by him posseſſed.

When to the banlmy East  
 Sun doth his light impart,  
 Or when he diveth in the lowly West,  
 And ravisheth the Day,  
 With spotlesse Hands and Heart,  
 Him cheerfully to praise and to him pray.  
 To heed each action so,  
 As ever in his sight,  
 More fearing doing Ill than passive woe;  
 Not to seeme other thing  
 Than what ye are aright,  
 Never to do what may Repentance bring:  
 Nor to be blown with Pride,  
 Nor mov'd at Glories breath,  
 Whicb Shadow-like on wings of Time doth glide;  
 So Malice to disarme,  
 And conquer basty Wrath,  
 As to do good to those that worke your barme:  
 To hatch no base Desires,  
 Or Gold or Land to gaine,  
 Wellspleas'd with that which Virtue faire acquires,  
 To have the Wit and Will  
 Consorting in one Straine,  
 Than what is good to have no higher skill.  
 Never on Neighbours Goods,  
 With Cocatrices Eye  
 To looke, nor make anothers Heaven your Hell;  
 Nor to be Beanties Thrall,  
 All fruitlesse Love to flie,  
 Yet loving still a Love transcendent all:  
 A Love which while it burns  
 The Soule with fairest Beames,  
 To that increated Sun the Soule it turnes,  
 And makes such Beauty prove,  
 That (if Sense saw her Gleames,)  
 All loskers on would pine and die for love.

Who such a life doth live,  
 You happy even may call  
 Ere rashlesse Death awished end him give,  
 And after then when given,  
 More happy by his fall,  
 For humanes, Earth, enjoying Angels, Heaven.  
 Swift is your mortall Race,  
 And glasse is the Field,  
 Vaste are Desires not limited by Grace,  
 Life a weake Taper is,  
 Then while it light doth yeeld  
 Leave flying Joyes, embrase this lasting Blisse.  
 This when the Nymph had said,  
 Shee div'd within the Floud,  
 Whose Face with smyling Curles long after staid,  
 Then Sighs did Zephyres presse,  
 Birds sang from every Wood,  
 And Echoes rang, this was true Hapinesse.



## An Hymne on the Fairest Faire.

I feele my Bosome glow with wonlesse Fires,  
 Rais'd from the vulgar presse my Mind aspires  
 (Wing'd with bigh Thoughts) unto his praise to clime,  
 From deep Eternity who call'd forth Time,  
 That Essence which not mov'd makes each thing move,  
 Uncreate Beauty all-creating Love;  
 But by so great an object, radient Light,  
 My Heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my Sight,  
 Thick Clouds benight my labouring Ingine,  
 And at my high attempts my Wits repine:  
 If thou in me this sacred heat hast wrought,  
 My Knowledge sharpen, Sarcells lend my Thought:

Grant

Grant me (Times Father, world-containing King)  
 A Pow'r of thee in pow'rfull Lai's to sing,  
 That as thy Beauty in Earth lives, Heaven shines,  
 It dawning may or shadow in my Lines.

As far beyond the starry walls of Heaven,  
 As is the loftiest of the Planets seven  
 Sequestred from this Earth, in purest light  
 Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable Night,  
 Thou all-sufficient, Omnipotent,  
 Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,  
 God various in Names, in Essence one,  
 High art enthroned on a golden Throne,  
 Out-stretching Heavens wide bespangled vault,  
 Transcending all the Circles of our Thought,  
 With diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,  
 There thou giv'st Laws, and dost this World command,  
 This World of Concords rais'd unlikely sweet,  
 Which like a Bull lies prostrate at thy Feet.

If so we may well say (and what we say  
 Here wrapt in flesh, led by dim Reasons ray,  
 To show by earthly Beauties which we see  
 That spirituall Excellence that shines in thee,  
 Good Lord forgive ) not far from thy right Side,  
 With curled Locks Youth ever doth abide,  
 Rose-cheeked Youth who ga'linded with Flow'rs,  
 Still blooming, ceaselessly unto her pow'rs  
 Immortal Nectar in a cup of Gold,  
 That by no darts of Ages thou growold;  
 And as ends and beginnings thee not claime,  
 Successiunlesse that thou be still the same.

+ Neare to thy other sid: resistlesse Might,  
 From Head to Foot in burnish't Armour dight,  
 That rings about him, with a waving Band,  
 And watchfull Eye, great Seminell doth stand;  
 That neither Time nor force in ought impaire  
 Thy Workmanship, nor harme thine Empire faire,

Soone to give Death to all againe that would  
 Sterne Dilcord raise which ibou destroy'd of old;  
 Discord that fos to order, Nurse of War,  
 By which the nobleſt things demoliſht are,  
 But (cauife) ſhe no Treafon doth deuife,  
 When Might to nought doth bring her enterprize;  
 Thy all-upholding Might her Malice raines,  
 And her to Hell throws bound in iron Chaines.

With Locks in waves of Gold that ebbe and flow  
 On Ivory neck, in Robes more white than Snow,  
 Truth ſtedfastly before thee holds a Glaffe,  
 Indent'd with Gems, where ſhineth all that was,  
 That is, or ſhall be, here ere ought was wrought.

Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with time forth brought,  
 And more, things numberleſſe which thou couldest make,  
 That attually (hall never being take),  
 Here thou beholdest thy ſelfe, and (ſtrange) doſt prove  
 At once the Beauty, Lover and the Love.

With Faces two (like Sisters) ſweeſtly faire;  
 Whose Bloſſomes no rough Autumnne can impaire,  
 Stands Providence, and doth her looks diſperſe,  
 Through every Corner of this Universe,  
 Thy Providence, at once which generall things  
 And ſingular doth rule, as Empires Kings,  
 Witout whose care this world (lost) wou'd remaine,  
 As Ship without a Maſter in the Maine,  
 At Chariot alone, as Bodies prove  
 Depriv'd of Soules, whereby they be live, move.

But who are they which ſhine thy Throne ſo meare?  
 With ſacred countenance, and look ſevere,  
 This in one hand a pondrous Sword doth hold,  
 Her left ſtaies charg'd with Ballances of Gold,  
 That with, Brows girt with Lays, ſweet-smiling Face,  
 Doth beare a Brandon, with a babiſh grace  
 Two milke-white Wings him eaſily do move,  
 O ſhe ihy Justice is, and this ihy Love!

By this thou brought'st this Engine great to light,  
By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, Weight,  
That destine doth reward to ill and good ;  
But Sway of Justice is by Love misbrought,  
Which did it not relent and mildly stay,  
This World ere now had found its funerall Day.

What Bands (enclusted) neare to these abide,  
Which into vaste Infinity them hide ?

Infinity that neither doth admit,

Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it :

Here Bounty sparkleth, here doth Beauty shine,

Simplicity, more white than Gelsomine,

Mercy with open wings, aye-varied Blisse,

Glory, and Joy, that Blisses darling is.

Ineffable, all-pow'rfull God, all free,

Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee,

No Joy, no, nor Perfection to thee came

By the contriving of this Worlds great Frame,

Ere Sun, Moon, Stars began their restlesse race,

Ere painted was with light Heavens pure Face,

Ere Aire had Cl ells, ere Clouds wept down their shov'rs,

Ere Sea embrac'd Earth, ere Earth bare Flow'rs,

Thou happy liv'dst; World nought to thee supply'd,

All in thy selfe thy selfe thou satisfi'd :

Of Good no slender Shadow doth appeare,

No age-worne t'ache, which shin'd in thee not cleare,

Perfektions Sun, prime-cause of every Cause,

Midst, end, beginning where all good doth paue :

Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought

Thou in Eternity thy Son forth brought,

The only Birth of thy unchanging Mind,

'Lire Image, Pattern-like that ever shin'd,

Light out of Light begotten not by Will,

But Nature, all and that same Essence still

Which thou thy selfe, for whom dost nought possesse

Which he bath not, in ought nor is he lesse

Than Thee his great Begetter ; of this Light, —  
 Eternall, Double kindled was thy Spright  
 Eternally, who is with Thee the same,  
 All-holy Gift, Embassador, Knot, Flame :  
 Most sacred Triad, O most holy One,  
 Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,  
 Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are still, shall be,  
 (Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Uncomprehensible by reachlesse Height,  
 And imperceived by excessive Light.  
 So in our Soules three and yet one are still,  
 The Understanding, Memory, and Will ;  
 So (though unlike) the Planes of the Daisies  
 Asopone as he was made begat his Raies,  
 Which are his Off-spring, and from both was hirld,  
 The rosie Light which consolates the World,  
 And none fore-went another : so the spring,  
 The Well-head, and the Streme which they forth bring,  
 Are but one selfe-same Essence, nor in ought  
 Do differ, save in order, and our Thought  
 No chime of Time discernes in them to fall,  
 But Three distinctly bide one Essence all.  
 But these expresse not Thee, who can declare  
 Thy being ? Men and Angels dazel'd are.  
 Who would this Eden force with wit or sense,  
 A Cherubin shall find to bar him thence.

Great Architect, Lord of this Universe,  
 That light is blinded would thy Greatnesse pierce,  
 Ah ! as a Pilgrim who the Alpes doth passe,  
 Or Atlas Temples crown'd with winter glasse,  
 The ayry Caucasus, the Apennine,  
 Pyrenes clifts where Sun doth never shine,  
 When he some craggy Hills hath over-went,  
 Begins to think on rest, his Journey spent,  
 Till mounting some tall Mountaine he do find,  
 More hights before him than he left behind ?

With halting pace so while I would me raise  
 To the unbounded limits of thy Praise,  
 Some part of way I thought to have o're-run,  
 But now I see how scarce I have begun,  
 With Wonders new my Spirits range possest,  
 And wandring waylesse in a maze them rest.

In those waste Fields of Light, etheriall Plaines,  
 Thou art attended by immortall Traines  
 Of Intellectuall Pow'rs, which thou broughtest forth  
 To praise thy Goodnesse, and admire thy Worsh,  
 In numbers passing others Creatures far,  
 Since Creatures most noble maniest are,  
 Which do in knowledge us not lesse out-run :  
 Than Moon in light doth Stars, or Moon the Sun,  
 Unlike, in Orders rang'd and many a Band,  
 (If Beauty in Disparity doth stand )  
 Arch-angels, Angels, Cherubs, Seraphines,  
 And what with name of Thrones amongst them shines,  
 Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Pow'rs,  
 All-acting Vertues of those flaming Tow'rs ;  
 These freed of Umbrage, these of Labour free,  
 Rest ravished with still beholding Thee,  
 Inflam'd with Beames which sparkle from thy Face,  
 They can no more desire, far lesse embrace.

Low under them, with slow and staggering pace  
 Thy Hand-maid Nature thy great Steps doth trace,  
 The Source of second Causes golden Chaine  
 That links this Frame as thou it doth ordaine,  
 Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye,  
 That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deity.  
 By Nature led those Bodies faire and great,  
 Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,  
 Unintermixt, which no disorder prove,  
 Though aye and contrary they alwaies move,  
 The Organs of thy Providence divine,  
 Books ever open, Signs that clearly shewing,

Times purpled Makers, then do them advance,  
As by sweet Musick in a measur'd dance;  
Stars, Hoste of Heaven, ye Firmaments bright Flow'rs,  
Cleare Lamps which overhang this Stage of ours,  
Ye turne not there to deck the Weeds of Night,  
Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgar Sight;  
Great Causes sure ye must bring great Effells,  
But who can descant right your grave Aspects?  
He only who You made decipher can

Your Notes, Heavens Eyes ye blind the Eyes of Man.

Amidst these Saphir far-extending Hights,  
The never-twinkling, ever-wandring Lights  
Their fixed Motions keep, one dry and cold,  
Deep-Leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,  
With Rule and Line for Times steps meting even  
In twice three Lustres he but turnes his Heaven.  
With temperate qualities and Countenance faire,  
Still mildly smiling sweetly debonaire,  
Another cheares the World, and way doth make  
In twice sixe Autumnes through the Zodiack.  
But hot and dry with flaming Locks and Brows  
Enrag'd, this in his red Pavillion glows:  
Together running with like speed, if space,  
Two equally in bands atchieve their race,  
With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,  
And others oft to stately Stars the way,  
That various in vertue, changing light,  
With his small flame impearles the veale of Night,  
Prince of this Courte, the Sun in triumph rides,  
With the Yeare Snake-like in her selfe that glides,  
Times Dispensator faire life-giving Source,  
Through Skies twelve Posts as he doth run his course,  
Heart of this All, of what is knowne to sense,  
The likeliest to his Makers excellencye,  
In whose diurnall motion doth appeare  
A Shadow, no true portraite of the Yeare.

The Moone moves lowest, silver Sun of Night,  
Dispensing through the World her borrow'd light,  
Who in three formes her head abroad doth range,  
And only constant is in constant Change.

Sad Queen of Silence, I ne're see thy Face,  
To waxe, or waine, or shine with a full grace,  
But straight (amaz'd) on Man I think, each Day  
His state who changeth, or if he find Stay,  
It is in dolefull anguish, cares, and paines.  
And of his Labours Death is all the Gaines ?  
Immortall Monarch can so fond a Thought  
Lodge in my Brest ? as to trust thou first brought  
Here in Earths shady Cloyster wretched Man,  
To suck iho Aire of Woe, to spend Lifes span  
Midst Sighs and Plaints, a Stranger unto Mirth,  
To give himselfe his Death rebucking Birth ?  
By sense and wit of Creatures made King,  
By sense and wit to live their Underling ?  
And what is worst, have Eaglets eyes to see  
His own disgrace, and know an high degree  
Of Blisse, the Place, if he might thereto climse,  
And not live thrall'd to impious Time ?  
Or (dotard) shall I so from Reason swerve,  
To dim those Lights which to our use deserve,  
(For thou d'st not them need) more nibly fram'd  
Than us, that know their course, and have them nam'd ?  
No, I ne're thinke but we did them surpassee  
As far as they do Asterismes of Glasse,  
When shou us made, by Treason high defil'd,  
Thrust from our first estate we live exil'd,  
Wandersg this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,  
Where he doth use the Pow'r which he hath got,  
Indifferet Umpire unto Clewes and Kings,  
The supreame Monarch of all mortal things.  
When si st this flury, O, be was so m'gven,  
I bus in place d'suain'd was to Heaven;

These Creatures which now our Sovereignes are,  
 And as to Rebels do denounce su war,  
 Then were our Vassals, no tumultuous Storme,  
 No Thunders, Earthquakes did her Forme deforme,  
 The Seas in tumbling Mountaines did not roar,  
 But like moist Christall whispered on the Sheare,  
 No Snake did trace her Meads, nor ambuske lowre  
 In azure Curles beneath the sweete Spring Flow'r ;  
 The Night shade, Henbane, Napell, Aconite,  
 Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to smite  
 Her guiltlesse Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,  
 As their high Rounds did haunt this lower Place ;  
 O Joy of Joyes ! with our first Parents Thou  
 To commune then didst daigne, as Friends do now :  
 Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus  
 Each Creature rebelled against us,  
 Earth rest of what did chiefe in her excell,  
 To all became a Faile, so most a Hell  
 In Timesfull Terme untill thy Son was given,  
 Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heaven.

Whole and entire all in thy Selfe thou art,  
 All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no part,  
 For infinite, in making this faire Frame  
 (Great without Quantity) in all thou came,  
 And filling all, how can thy State admit,  
 Or Place or Substance to be void of it ?  
 Were Worlds as many, as the Rayes which streme  
 From Daies bright lampes, or madding Wits do dreame,  
 They would not reele in ought, nor wandering stray,  
 But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay ;  
 Were but one hours this World disjoyn'd from thee,  
 It in one houre to nought reduc'd shuld be,  
 For it thy Shadow is, and can they last  
 If sever'd from the Substances them cast ?  
 O only blest, and Author of all Bliss,  
 No, Bliss it selfe, but all-where w'shed is,

Efficient, exemplary, small Good,  
 Of thine own Selfe but only understood ;  
 Light is thy Curtaine, thou art Light of Light,  
 An ever-waking Eye still shining bright,  
 In-looking all, exempt of passive Pow'r,  
 And change, in change since Deaths pale shade doth low'r ;  
 All Times to thee are one, that which hath run,  
 And that which is not brought yet by the Sun,  
 To thee are present, who dost alwaies see  
 In present act, what past is, or to be ;  
 Day-livers we remembrance do lose  
 Of Ages worne, so Miseries us tosse  
 (Blind and lethargick of thy heavenly Grace,  
 Which Sin in our first Parents did deface,  
 And even while Embrions curst by justest doome,)  
 That we neglect what gone is, or to come,  
 But thou in thy great Archives scrolled hast  
 In parts and whole, what ever yet hath past,  
 Since first the marble Wheels of Time were roll'd,  
 As ever living, never waxing old,  
 Still is the same thy Day and Yesterday,  
 An undivided Now, a constant Ay.

O King whose Greatnesse none can comprehend,  
 Whose boundlesse Goodnesse doth to all extend,  
 Light of all Beauty Ocean without ground,  
 That standing flowest, giving doft abound,  
 Rich Pallace, and Endweller ever bleſt,  
 Never not working, ever yet in Rest ;  
 What wit cannot conceive, words say of Thee,  
 Here where we as but in a Mirrour see,  
 Shadows of shadows, Atomes of thy Might,  
 Still owl'y-eyed when staring on thy Light ;  
 Grant that released from this earthly faile,  
 And freed from Clouds which here our Knowledge vailt,  
 In Heavens high Temples where thy Praises ring,  
 In sweeter Notes I may heare Angels sing.



Great God, whom we with bumbled Thoughts adore,  
 Eternall, Infinite, Almighty King,  
 Whose Dwellings Heaven transcend, whose Thron: before  
 Archangels serve, and Seraphines do sing ;  
 Of nought who wrought all that with wondring Eyes  
 We do behold within this various Ronnd,  
 Who makes the Rocks to rocke, to stand the Skies,  
 At whose command Clouds peales of Thunder sound .  
 Ah ! spare us Wormes, weigh not how we alas  
 (Evill to our selves ) against thy Laws rebell,  
 Wash off those spois which still in Conscience Glasse  
 (Though we be loath to look) we see too well.  
 Deserv'd Revenge, oh do not do not take,  
 If thou revenge who shall abide thy Blow ?  
 Passe shall this World, this World which thou didst make,  
 Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow :  
 What Soule is found whom Parents Crime not staines ?  
 Or what with its own Sins defil'd is not ?  
 Though Justice Rigor threaten, yet her Raines  
 Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot .

Lesse are our Faults far far than is thy Love,  
 O what can better seeme thy Grace divine,  
 Than they who plagues deserve, thy Bounty prove,  
 And where thou shew'r mayst Vengeance, there to shine ?  
 Then look and pity, pitying forgive  
 Us guilty Slaves, or Servants now in thrall ;  
 Slaves, if alas thou look how we do live,  
 Or doing ill, or doing nought at all ?  
 Of an ungratefull Mind a soule Effect ;  
 But if thy Gifts which largely heretofore  
 Thou hast upon us pour'd thou dost respect,  
 We are thy Servants, nay, than Servants more,

Thy

*Thy Children yes, and Children dearely bought,  
But what strange Chance us of this Lot bereaves ?  
Poore worthless Wights how lowly are we brought,  
Whom Grace once Children made, Sin hath made Slavest  
Sin hath made Slaves, but let those Bands Grace broke,  
That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appear,  
Thy Wisdome not so meane is, Pow'r so meake,  
But thousand waies they can make Worlds thee feare.*

*O Wisdome boundles ! O miraculoue Grace !  
Grace, Wisdome which make winke dimme Reasons Eye,  
And could Heavens King bring from his placeless Place,  
On this ignoble Stage of Care to dye :  
To dye our Death, and with the sacred Streme  
Of Blood and Water gushing from his Side,  
To make my cleane of that concagious Blame,  
First on me brought by our first Parents Pride.  
Thus by great Love and Pity (heavony King )  
Love, Pity which so well our Loss prevent,  
Of Evill is selfe (too) could all Goodnes bring,  
And sad beginning cheare with glad event.  
O Love and Pity ! ill knowne of these Times,  
O Love and Pity ! carefull of our need,  
O Bounties ! which our horrid Acts and Crimes  
(Grown numberless) contend neare to exceed.  
Make this excessive ardour of thy love,  
So warme our Coldness, so our Lifes renew,  
That we from Sin, Sin may from us remove.  
Wisdome our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.  
Let thy pure Love burne up all worldly Lust,  
Hells candid Poysou killing our best part,  
Which makes us joy in Toyes, adore fraile Dust  
Instead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.*

*Grant when at last our Sentes these Bodies leavc,  
Their loathsome Shops of sin and Mansions blind,  
And Docme before thy Royall Seat receive.  
A Saviour more than Judge they thee may find,*

THE  
WANDRING  
MUSES:  
OR,  
The River of  
FORTH  
FEASTING:  
IT BEING

A Panegyrick to the High and  
Mighty Prince, *James, King of Great*  
*Brittaine, France, and Ireland.*

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B Y  
*WILLIAM DRUMMOND*  
Of H A V V T H O R N D E N .

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## ЭИДОМАУ

# 28UM

# SECTION

# THE YARD.

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# ДИНОВАЯ ГЛАВА

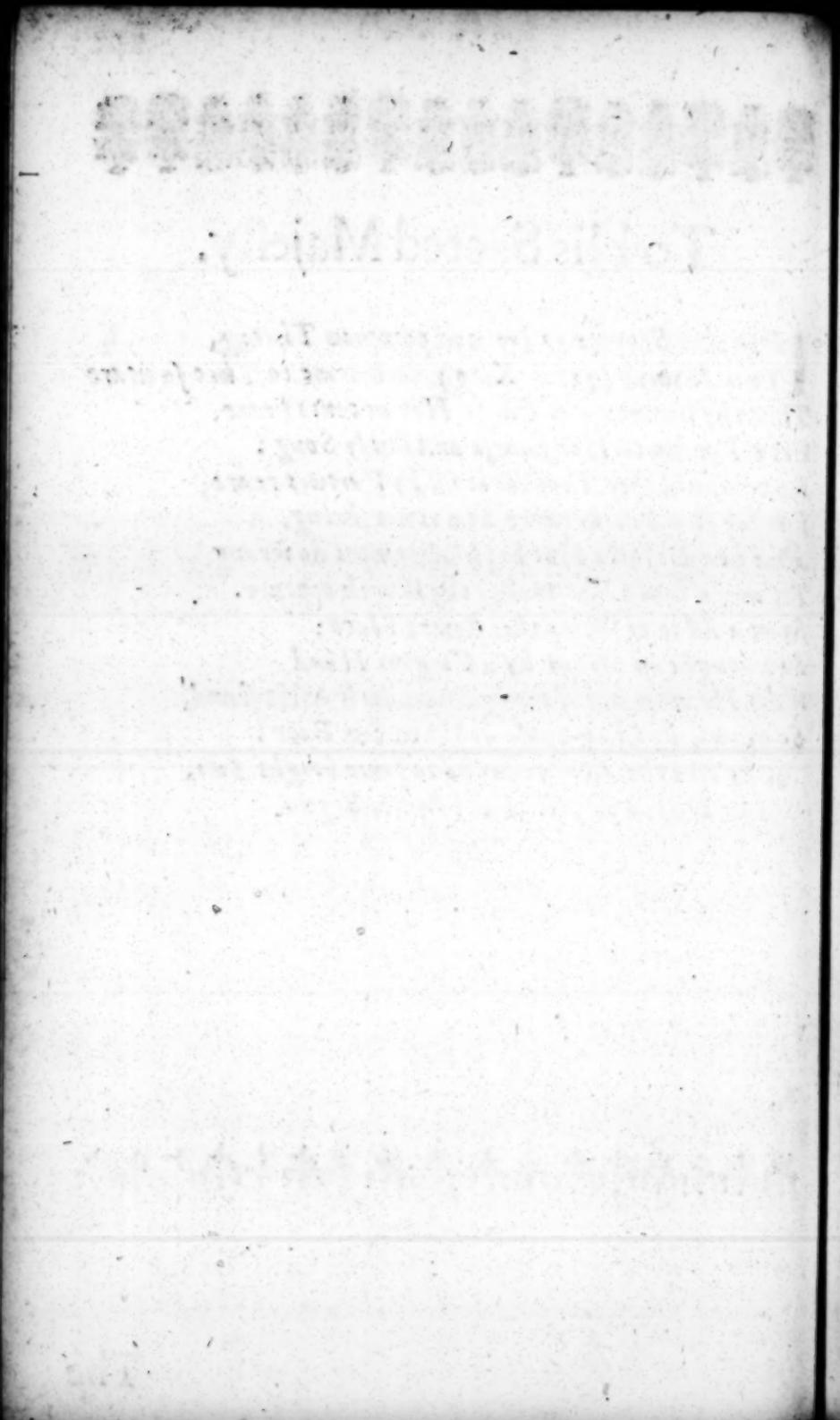
## ИСТИННЫЙ ГОЛОС



## To His Sacred Majesty.

If in this Storme of joy and pompos Throng,  
This Nymph (great King) doth come to Thee so neare  
That thy harmonious Eares Her accents heare,  
Give Pardon to Her boarfe and lowly Song :  
Faine would shee Trophees to Thy Vertues reare ;  
But for this stately taske She is not strong,  
And her Defects Her high Attempts do wrong,  
Yet as she could She makes thy Worth appeare.  
So in a Map is shoun this flowry Place ;  
So wrought in Arras by a Virgins Hand  
With Heaven and blazing Stars doth Atlas stand,  
So drawn by Char-coale is Narcissus Face :  
She like the Morn may be to some bright Sun,  
The Day so perfect that's by her begun.







The River of  
**F O R T H**  
FEASTING:  
A Panegyrick to the High and  
Mighty Prince, James, King of Great  
Brittaine, France, and Ireland.

VVhat blustering Noise now interrups my Sleeps ?  
What eccheing Shouts thus cleave my christall  
And seems to call me from my watry Court? (Deeps)  
What Melody, what sounds of Joy and Sport,  
Are convey'd hither from each Night-borne Spring?  
With what loud Rumours do the Mountaines ring?  
Which in unusuall Pompe on tip-toes stand,  
And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land?  
Whence come these glitt'ring Throngs, these Meteors  
This golden People glancing in my sight? bright,  
Whence doth this Praise, Applause, and Love, arise?  
What Load-star East-ward draweth thus all Eyes?  
Am I awake? Or have some Dreames conspir'd  
To mock my Sense with what I most desir'd?  
View I that living Face, see I those Looks,  
Which with Delight were wont t'amaze my Brooks?  
Do I behold that Worth, that Man divine,  
This Ages Glory, by these Bankes of mine?

Then

Then find I true what long I wish'd in vaine ;  
 My much beloved Prince is come againe ;  
 So unto them whose Zenith is the Pole,  
 When six black Months are past, the Sun doth roll :  
 So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights  
 Faire *Helens* Brothers show their clearing Lights :  
 So comes *Arabias* wonder from her Woods,  
 And far far off is seen by *Memphis* Flouds,  
 The feather'd *Sylvans* ; Cloud-like by her flie,  
 And with triumphing plaudits beat the Skie,  
 Nyle marvels, Seraps Priests (entranced) rave,  
 And in *Mygdonian* stone her Shape ingrave ;  
 In lasting Cedars they do marke the Time  
 In which *Apollos* Bird came to their Clime.

Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flow'rs be seen,  
 And sweet-breath'd *Zephyres* curle the Meadows greet :  
 Let Heaven weep Rubies in a Crimson shew'r,  
 Such as on *Indies* Shores they use to poure :  
 Or with that golden Storme the Fields adorne,  
 Which *Jove* rain'd when his Blew-ey'd Maid was born,  
 May never Hours the Web of Day out-weave,  
 May never Night rise from her sable Cave.  
 Swell proud my Billows, faint not to declare  
 Your Joyes as ample as their Causes are :  
 For Murmurs boarfe, sound like *Arions* Harpe,  
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;  
 And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist Repaire,  
 Strow all your Springs and Grots with Lillies faire :  
 Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray  
 Our Flouds and Lakes come keep this Holy-day ;  
 What e're beneath *Albanias* Hills do run,  
 Which see the rising, or the setting Sun,  
 Which drinke sterne *Grampus* Mists, or *Ochels* Snows :  
 Stone-rowling *Tay*, *Tyne* Tortoise-like that flows,  
 The pearly *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,  
 Wild *Never ne*, which doth see our longest Day ;

Nessesmoaking-Sulphur, LeadewithMountainscrown'd  
 Strange Loumond for his floating Isles renown'd :  
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Aire,  
 The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy Haire,  
 The christall-streaming Nid,loud-bellowing Clyde,  
 Tweed which no more our Kingdomes shall divide :  
 Ranke-swelling Annan, Lid with curled stremes,  
 The Eskes, the Solway where they lose their Names,  
 To ev'ry one proclaime our Joyes, and Feasts,  
 Our Triumphs ; bid all come and be our Guests :  
 And as they meet in Neptunes azure Hall,  
 Bid them bid Sea-Gods keep this Festivall ;  
 This Day shall by our Currents be renown'd,  
 Our Hills about shall still this Day resound :  
 Nay, that our Love more to this Day appeare,  
 Let us with it henceforth begin our yeare.

To Virgins, Flow'rs, to Sun-burnt Earth, the Raine,  
 To Mariners faire Winds amidst the Maine,  
 Coole Shades to Pilgrims, which hot Glances burne,  
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest Returne.  
 That Day (deare Prince) which rob'd us of thy sight ;  
 [Day, no, but Dairness and a dusky Night]  
 Did fill our Brests with Sights, our Eyes with Teares,  
 Turn'd Minutes to sad Months, sad Months to Yeares :  
 Trees left to flourish, Meadows to beare Flow'rs,  
 Brooks hid their Heads within their sedgie Bow'rs,  
 Haire Ceres curst our Fields with barren Frost,  
 As if againe she had her Daughter lost :  
 The Muses left our Groves, and for sweet Songs  
 Sat sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs ;  
 You know it Meads, you murmuring Woods it know,  
 Hills,Dales, and Caves, Copartners of their Woe ;  
 And you it know, my Stremes, which from their Eine  
 Ost on your Glasie receiv'd their pearly Brime ;  
 O Nails deare (said they) Napes faire,  
 ONymphs of Trees,Nymphs which on Hills repaire.

Gone are those maiden Glories, gone that State,  
 Which made all Eyes admire our Blisse of late.  
 As looks the Heaven when never Star appeares,  
 But flow and weary shrowd them in their Spheares,  
 While *Tithons* wife embosom'd by Him lies,  
 And World doth languish in a mournfull Guise :  
 As looks a Garden of its Beauty spoyl'd,  
 As Woods in Winter by rough *Boreas* foyl'd,  
 As Pourtrairs raz'd of Colours use to be :  
 So look'd these abject Bounds depriv'd of Thee.

While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy royall Gleames,  
 They did not envy *Tibers* haughty Streames,  
 Nor wealthy *Tagus* with his golden Ore,  
 Nor cleare *Hydaspe* which on Pearles doth roare,  
 Nor golden *Gange* that sees the Sun new borne,  
 Nor *Acbelous* with his flowry Horne,  
 Nor Flouds which neare *Elisian* Fields do fall :  
 For why ? Thy sight did serve to them for all.  
 No Place there is so desart, so alone,  
 Even from the frozen to the *Terrid Zone*,  
 From flaming *Hecla* to great *Quinceys* Lake,  
 Which Thy abode could not moll happy make ;  
 Allthose Perfections which by bounteous Heaven  
 To divers Worlds in divers Times were given,  
 The starry Senate powr'd at once on Thee,  
 That thou Exemplar mightst to others be.

Thy Life was kept till the three Sisters spun  
 Their threads of Gold, and then it was begun.  
 With chequer'd Clouds when Skies do look most faire,  
 And no disord'red Blasts disturb the Aire,  
 When Lillies do them deck in azure Gowns ;  
 And new-borne Roses blush with golden Crowns,  
 To prove how calme we under Thee should live,  
 What *Halcyonean* Dayes Thy Reigne should give,  
 And to two flowry Diadems Thy right ;  
 The Heavens Thee made a Partner of the Light.

Scarce wast Thou borne, when joyn'd in friendly Bands  
 Two mortall Foes with other clasped Hands,  
 With Vertue Fortune strove, which most should grace  
 Thy Place for Thee, Thee for so high a Place,  
 One vow'd Thy sacred Brest not to forsake,  
 The other on Thee not to turne her Back ;  
 And that thou more her loves Effects mightst seele,  
 For Thee she left her Globe, and broke her Wheele.

When yeares Thee Vigour-gave, O then how cleare  
 Did smothered Sparkles in bright Flames appeare !  
 Amongst the Woods to force the flying Hart,  
 To pierce the Mountaine-Wolfe with feather'd Dart ;  
 See Faulcons climbe the Clouds, the Foxe ensnare,  
 Out-run the wind-out-running *Dedale* Hare  
 To breath thy fiery Steed on every Plaine,  
 And in meandring Gyres him bring againe,  
 The Prease Thee making Place, and vulgar Things,  
 In Admirations Aire, on Glories Wings ;  
 O ! Thou far from the common Pitch didst rise,  
 With thy designs to dazell Envies Eyes :  
 Thou soughtst to know this Alls eternall Source,  
 Of ever-turning Heavens the restlesse Course,  
 Their fixed Lamps, their Lights which wandring run,  
 Whence Moon her Silver hath, his Gold the Sun,  
 If Fate there be or no, if Planets can  
 By fierce Aspects force the free-will of Man :  
 The light aspiring Fire, the liquid Aire,  
 The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Haire,  
 Heavens tilting Launces, Artillery, and Bow,  
 Loud-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Haile, and Snow,  
 The roaring Element, with People dumbe,  
 The Earth with what conceiv'd is in her Wombe,  
 What on her moves, were set unto thy Sight,  
 Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might :  
 But unto no ight Thou so thy Mind didst straine,  
 As to be read in Man, and learne to raigne ;

To know the Weight and *Atlas* of a Crown,  
 To spare the Humble, Proud ones tumble down.  
 When from those piercing Cares which Thrones invest,  
 As Thornes the Rose, thou weari'd would'st thee rest,  
 With Lute in Hand, full of Cœlestiall Fire,  
 To the Pierian Groves thou didst retire :  
 There, garlanded with all *Uranias* Flow'rs,  
 In sweeter Layes than builded *Thebes* Tow'rs,  
 Or them which charm'd the Dolphines in the Maine,  
 Or which did call *Euridice* againe,  
 Thou sung'st away the Hourses , till from their Spheare  
 Stars seem'd to shoot, thy Melody to heare.  
 The God with golden Haire, the Sister Maids,  
 Did leave their *Helicon*, and *Temp's* shades,  
 To see thine Isle, here lost their native Tongue,  
 And in thy world-divided Language sung.

Who of thine after-age can count the Deeds,  
 With all that Fame in Times huge Annals reads,  
 How by Example more than any Law,  
 This People fierce thou didst to goodness draw ;  
 How while the Neighbour Worlds(told by the Fates)  
 So many Phaëtons had in their States,      (Thrones,  
 Which turn'd to heedlesse Flames their burnish'd  
 Thou(as enspear'd) kepist temperate thy Zones ;  
 In *Affrick* Shoares the Sands that ebbe and flow,  
 The shady Leaves on *Ardens* Tiers that grow,  
 He sure may count, with all the waves that meet  
 To wash the *Manritanian* *Atlas* feet.  
 Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,  
 Thy Worth deserves the richelt Crown on Earth.  
 Search this halie-Spheare, and the Antartick Ground,  
 Where is such Wit and Bounty to be found ?  
 As into silent Night, when neare the Beare  
 The Virgine Huntresse shines at full most cleare,  
 And strives to match her Brothers golden Light,  
 The Hoast of Stars doth vanish in her sight,

Arcturus dies ; cool'd is the Lions ire,  
 Po burns no more with Phaëtonall Fire ;  
 Orion faints to see his Armes grow black,  
 And that his flaming Sword he now doth lack :  
 So Europes Lights, all bright in their Degree,  
 Lose all their Lustre parallel'd with Thee.  
 By just Discent Thou from more Kings dost shine,  
 Than many can name Men in all their Line :  
 What most they toyle to find, and finding hold,  
 Thou scorkest, orient Gems, and flatt'ring Gold ?  
 Esteeming Treasure surer in Mens Brests,  
 Than when immur'd with Marble, clos'd in Chests ;  
 No stormy Passions do disturbe thy Mind,  
 No mists of Greatnesse ever could thee blind :  
 Who yet hath been so meeke ? Thou life didst give  
 To them who did repine to see Thee live ;  
 What Prince by Goodnesse hath such Kingdoms gain'd ?  
 Who hath so long his Peoples Peace maintain'd ?  
 Their Swords are turn'd to Sythes, to Culters Speares,  
 Some Giant Post their antick Armour beares :  
 Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,  
 The wanton Swaine sits piping on a Reed.  
 And where the Canon did Joves Thunder scorne,  
 The gawdy Hunts-man winds his shrill-tun'd Horne :  
 Her green Locks Ceres doth to yellow die,  
 The Pilgrim safely in the shade doth lye,  
 Both Pan and Pales (carelesse keep their Flocks,  
 Seas have no Dangers save the Winds and Rocks :  
 Thou art this Isles Palladium, neither can  
 [ Whiles thou dost live ] it be o're-thrown by Man.  
 Let others boast of Bloud and Spoyles of Foes,  
 Fierce Rapines, Murders, Iliads of Woes,  
 Of hated Pompe, and Trophees reared faire,  
 Gore-spangled Ensignes streaming in the Aire,  
 Count how they make the Scythian them adore,  
 The Gaditan, and Souldiour of Asrore,

Unhappy Boasting ! to enlarge their Bounds,  
 That charge themselves with cares, their friends with  
 Who have no Law to their ambitious Will, ( Wounds,  
 But (Man-plagues) borne are humane Bloud to spill :  
 Thou a true Victor art, sent from above  
 What others straine by Force, to gaine by Love,  
 World-wandering Fame this Praise to thee imparts,  
 To be the only Monarch of all Hearts.  
 They many feare, who are of many fear'd,  
 And Kingdoms got by Wrongs, by Wrongs are tear'd,  
 Such Thrones as Bloud doth raiſe, Bloud throweth down,  
 No Guard so ſure as Love unto a Crown.

Eye of our westerne World, *Mars*-daunting King,  
 With whose Renowne the Earths ſeven Climates ring,  
 Thy Deeds not only claime these Diadems,  
 To which *Thame, Litty, Taye*, ſubjeſt their Streames :  
 But to thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due  
 All that the Planet of the Yeare doth view,  
 Sure if the world above did want a Prince  
 The world above to it would take Thee hence.

That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell,  
 And in their Rooms with us the Graces dwell,  
 That Honour more than Riches Men respect,  
 That Worthinesse than Gold doth more effect,  
 That Piety unmasked shows her Face,  
 That Innocency keeps with Power her Place,  
 That long-exil'd *Aſtreas* leaves the Heaven,  
 And turneth right her Sword, her Weights holds even,  
 That the *Saturnian* world is come againe,  
 Are wiſh'd effects of Thy moſt happy Raigne.  
 That dayly Peace, Love, Truth, Delights encrease,  
 And Diſcord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumbers, ceaſe,  
 That Men uſe Strength not to ſhed others Bloud,  
 But uſe their Strength now to do oþers Good;  
 That Fury is enchain'd, diſarmed VVrath,  
 That (lave by Natures Hand) there is no Death,

That

That late grim Foes, like Brothers, other love,  
 That Vultures prey not on the harmelesse Dove,  
 That VVolves with Lambs do friendship entertaine,  
 Are wish'd effects of thy most happy Raigne.  
 That Towns encrease, That ruin'd Temples rise,  
 That their wind-moving Vanes do kisse the Skies,  
 That Ignorance and Sloath hence run away,  
 That buri'd Arts now rowse them to the Day,  
 That *Hyperion* far beyond his Bed,  
 Doth see, our Lions rampe, our Roses spred,  
 That *Iber* courts us, *Tyber* not us charmes; (warmes;  
 That *Rhein* with hence-brought Beames his bosome  
 That Ill doth feare, and Good doth us maintaine,  
 Are wish'd Effects of thy most happy Raigne.

O Vertues Patterne, Glory of our Times,  
 Sent of past Daisies to expiate the Crimes,  
 Great King, but better far than thou art great,  
 VVhom State not honours, but who honours State,  
 By VVonder borne, by VVonder first install'd,  
 By VVonder after to new Kingdoms call'd;  
 Young kept by VVonder from home-bred Alarmes,  
 Old sav'd by Wonder from pale Traitours Harmes,  
 To be for this Thy Raigne which VVonders brings,  
 A King of VVonder, VVonder unto Kings.  
 If *Pict*, *Dane*, *Normane*, Thy smooth Yoke had seen,  
*Pict*, *Dane*, and *Norman* had thy Subjects been:  
 If *Brutus* knew the Blisse Thy Rule doth give,  
 Even *Brutus* joy would under Thee to live:  
 For Thou Thy People dost so dearely love,  
 That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee prove.

O Daisies to be desir'd ! Age happy thrice !  
 If you your Heaven-sent-Good could duly prize,  
 But we (halfe-palsie-fick) thinke never right  
 Of what we hold, till it be from our sight,  
 Prize only Summers sweet and musked Breath,  
 VVhen armed VVinters threaten us with Death:

In pallid Sicknesse do esteeme of Health,  
 And by sad Poverty discerne of Wealth ;  
 I see an Age when after so ne few yeares,  
 And Revolutions of the slow-pac'd Spheares,  
 These daies shall be bove other far esteem'd,  
 And like *Augustus* palmy Raigne be deem'd.  
 The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous *Paladines*,  
 Grav'n in Times surly Brows in wrinckled Lines,  
 Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,  
 Their Neighbour Conquests, Orders new of Knights,  
 Shall by this Princes Name be past as far  
 As Meteors are by the *Idalian Star*.  
 If Gray-hair'd *Proteus* Songs the Truth not misse,  
 There is a Land hence-distant many Miles,  
 Out-reaching Fiction and *Atlastick Isles*,  
 Which (Homelings) from this little World we name,  
 That shall imblazon with strange Rites his Fame,  
 Shall rearre him Statues all of purest Gold,  
 Such as Men gave unto the Gods of old,  
 Name by him Temples, Pallaces, and Towns,  
 With some great River, which their Fields renowns.  
 This is that King who should make right each wrong,  
 Of whom the *Bards* and mystick *Sybills* tung,  
 The Man long promis'd, by whole glorious Raigne,  
 This Isle should yet her ancient Name regaine,  
 And more of *Fortunate* deserve the Stile,  
 Than thole where Heavens with double *Sumer*s smile.

Run on (Great Prince) Thy Courte in Glories way,  
 The end the Life, the Evening crowns the Day ;  
 Heape worth on worth, and strongly soare above  
 Thole heights which made the World Thee first to love;  
 Surmount thy selfe, and make thine Actions palt  
 Be but as Gleames or Lightnings of thy last,  
 Let them exceed thole of thy younger Time,  
 As far as Autumnne doth the flowry Prime.

Through this thy Empire range, like worlds bright Eye,  
That once each yea<sup>r</sup> surveys all Earth, and skie,  
Now glaunces on the slow and relty Beares,  
Then turnes to dry the weeping *Austers* teares,  
Hurries to both the Poles, and moveth even  
In the infigur'd Circle of the Heaven.

O long long haunt these Bounds, which by thy sight  
Have now regain'd their former Heat and Light.  
Here grow green Woods, here silver Brooks do glide,  
Here Meadows stretch them out with painted Pride,  
Embroyd'ring all the Banks, here Hills aspire  
To crown their Heads with the æthereall Fire:  
Hills, Bulwarks of our Freedome, giant walls,  
Which never friends did slight nor Sword made thralls;  
Each circling Floud to *Thetis* Tribute paies,  
Men here (in Health) out-live old *Nestors* daies:  
Grim *Saturne* yet amongst our Rocks remaines,  
Bound in our Caves, with many Mettal'd Chaines:  
Bulls haunt our shades like *Ledas* Lover white,  
Which yet might breed *Pasiphae* delight,  
Our Flocks faire Fleeces beare, with which for sport  
*Endimion* of old the Moon did court,  
High-palmed Harts amidst our Forrests run,  
And, not impall'd, the deep-mouth'd Hounds do shun;  
The rough-foot Hare safe in our Bushes shrowds,  
And long-wing'd Hawkes do pearch amidst our clouds.  
The wanton wood-Nymphs of the verdant Spring,  
Blew, Golden, Purple Flow'r's shall to thee bring,  
*Pomonas* Fruits the *Panisks*, *Thetis* Gyiles,  
Thy *Thuly*s Amber, with the Ocean Pearles;  
The *Tritons*, Heardsmen of the glassie Field,  
Shall give thee what far-distant shoares can yeeld,  
The *Serean* Fleeces, *Erythrean* Gems,  
Waste *Platas* Silver, Gold of *Peru* Streames,  
*Antarick* Parrots, *Aethiopian* Plumes,  
*Sabean* Odours, Myrrhe, and sweet Perfumes:

And

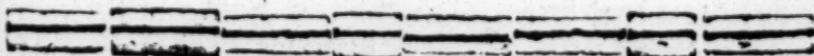
And I my selfe, wrapt in a watchet Gown  
 Of Reeds and Lillies, on mine Head a Crown,  
 Shall Incense to thee Burne, green Altars raire,  
 And yearly sing due *Paeans* to Thy Praise.

Ah why shoule *Iris* only see Thee shine ?  
 Is not thy *Forth*, as well as *Iris* Thine ?  
 Though *Iris* vaunt she hath more Wealth in store,  
 Let it suffice Thy *Forth* doth love Thee more :  
 Though she for Beauty may compare with *Seine*,  
 For Swans and Sea-Nymphs with imperiall *Rheine*,  
 Yet for the Title may be claim'd in Thee,  
 Nor She, nor all the World can match with me.  
 Now when (by Honour drawn) Thou shalt away  
 To Her already jealous of Thy Stay,  
 When in Her amorous Armes She doth Thee fold,  
 And dries thy Dewy Haires with Hers of Gold,  
 Much asking of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,  
 Much of Thine Absence, Long, how e're so short,  
 And chides (perhaps) Thy comming to the North,  
 Loath not to thinke on Thy much-loving *Forth* :  
 O love these Bounds, whereof Thy Royall Stem  
 More than an hundred wore a Diadem.  
 So ever Gold and Baies Thy Brows adorne,  
 So never Time may see Thy Race out-worne,  
 So of Thine Own still mayst Thou be desir'd,  
 Of Strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd ;  
 So *Memory* Thee Praise, so precious Hours  
 May character Thy Name in starry Flow'rs ;  
 So may Thy high Exploits at last make even,  
 With Earth Thy Empire, Glory with the Heaven.

SPEECHES  
TO THE  
HIGH AND EXCELLENT  
PRINCE,  
CHARLES,

King of Great *Brittaine, France,*  
and *Ireland*, at His Entring His City  
of *EDENBURGH*:

Delivered from the Pageants the  
15<sup>th</sup> of *June, 1633.*



LONDON,  
Printed in the Yeare, 1656.

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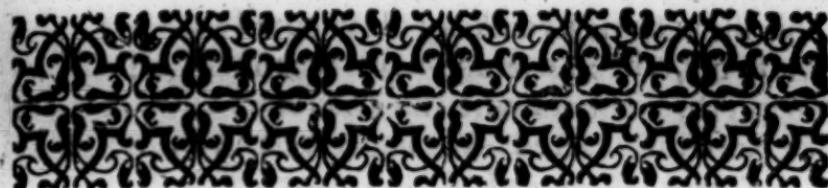
## *An intended Speech at the West Gate.*

SIR, if Nature could suffer Rocks to move,  
and abandon their naturall places, this  
Town founded on the strength of Rocks  
(now by the all-cheering Rayes of Your  
Majesties Presence, taking not only  
Motion, but Life) had with her Castell,  
Temples, and Houses moved toward you, and besought  
you to acknowledge Her yours, and Her Inhabitants  
your most humble and affectionate Subjects, and to be-  
lieve how many soules are within Her Circuits, so many  
Lives are devoted to your sacred Person and Crown;  
And here, Sir, She offers by me, to the Altar of your Gle-  
ry, whole *Hecatombs* of most happy desires, praying all  
things may prove prosperous unto you, that every Vert-  
ue and Heroick Grace, which make a Prince eminent,  
may with a long and blessed Government attend you;  
Your Kingdoms flourishing abroad with Bayes, at home  
with Olives. Presenting you Sir, (who are the Strong  
Keye of this little World of Great *Brittaine*) with these  
Keyes, which cast up the Gates of Her affection, and  
designe you Power to open all the Springs of the Hearts  
of these Her most loyall Citizens. Yet this almost not  
necessary; for as the Rose at the far appearing of the  
Morning Sun displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at  
the

the very Report of your happy returne to this your native Countrey, their Hearts (as might be apparent, if they could have shined through their Breasts) were with joy and faire hopes made spacious, nor did they ever in all parts feele a more comfortable heat, than the Glory of your Presence at this time darteth upon them.

The Old forget their Age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a Prince: The Young bear a Part in your Welcomme, desiring many yeares of Life, that they may serve you long, all have more joyes than Tongues; for as the words of other Nations far go beyond and surpass the affection of their hearts: So in this Nation the affection of their hearts is far above all they can expresse by words. Daigne then, Sir, from the highest of Majesty, to look down on their lownesse, and embrace it, accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their gratafull zeale, and for deeds, accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your Ancestors, and shall ever to your Own, and your Royall Race, whilst these Rocks shall be overshadowed with Buildings, these Buildings inhabited by men, and while men shall be endued either with counsell or courage, or enjoy any peece of Reason, Sense, or Life.

THE



## The Speech of *Caledonia*, representing the Kingdom.

He Heavens have heard our vows, our just desires  
Obtained are, no higher now aspires  
Our wishing thought, since to his native Clime  
The Flower of Princes, honour of his Time,  
Encheering all our Dales, Hills, Forrests, Streames,  
(As *Phæbus* doth the Summer with his beames )  
Is come, and radiant to us in his traine  
The golden Age and vertues brings againe ;  
Prince so much longed for, how thou becalm'st  
Minds easelesse anguish, every care embalm'st  
With the sweet odours of thy Presence : Now  
In swelling Tides Joyes every where do flow  
By thine approach, and that the World may see  
What unthought wonders do attend on Thee,  
This Kingdomes Angell I, who since that day  
That ruthlesse Fate thy Parent left away,  
And made a Star, appear'd not any where  
To gratulate thy comming, come am here.

Haile Princes Phœnix, Monarch of all Hearts,  
Soveraigne of Love and Justice, who imparts  
More than thou canst receive ; To thee this Crown  
Is due by birth ; but more, it is thine own  
By just desert ; and ere another brow  
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should flow  
With

With hot Vermilian gore, and every Plaine  
 Levell the hills with Carkasses of slaine,  
 This Isle become a red Sea : Now how sweet  
 Is it to me, when Love and Laws thus meet  
 To girt thy Temples with this Diadem,  
 My Nurfelings sacred feare, and dearest Gen<sup>t</sup>,  
 Nor Roman, Saxon, Pitt, by sad alarmes  
 Could this acquire and keep ; the Heavens in armes  
 From us repell all perills, nor by wars  
 Ought here was won or gaping wounds and scars,  
 Our Lions Clymaterick now is past,  
 And crown'd with Bayes, he rampeth free at last.

Here are no Screean Fleeces, Peru Gold,  
 Auroas Gems, nor Wares by Tyrians sold ;  
 Towns I well not here with Babylonian Walls,  
 Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd Halls,  
 Nor Memphis Spires, nor Quinzayes arched Frames,  
 Captiving Seas, and giving Lands their names :  
 Faith (milke-white Faith) of old belov'd so well,  
 Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell  
 With her pure Sisters, Truth, Simplicity ;  
 Here banish'd Honour beares them company,  
 A Mars-adoring Brood is here, their wealth,  
 Sound minds, and bodies of as sound a health ;  
 Walls here are Men, who fence their Cities more  
 Than Neptune when he doth in Mountaines roare,  
 Doth guard this Isle, or ail those Forts and Tow'rs  
 Amphions Harpe rais'd about Thebes bow'rs,  
 Heavens Arch is oft their roofe, the pleasant shed  
 Of Oake and Plaine oft serves them for a Bed.  
 To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,  
 Run over panting Mountaines crown'd with Ice,  
 Rivers o'recome, the wastell Lakes appall,  
 (Being to themselves, Oars, Steerers, Ship and all)  
 Is their renown ; a brave all-doring Race,  
 Courageous, prudent, doth this Climate grace ;

Yet

Yet the firme Base on which their glory stands,  
 In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,  
 Which here (great King) they offer up to thee,  
 Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree :  
 Though it be much to come of Princely stem,  
 More is it to deserve a Diadem.

Vouchsafe blest People, ravisht here with me,  
 To thinke my thoughts, and see what I do see,  
 A Prince all gracious, affable, divine,  
 Mecke, wise, just; valiant, whose radiant shine,  
 Of Vertues (like the Stars about the Pole)  
 Guilding the Night, enlightneth every Soule  
 Your Scepter swaies; a Prince borne in this Age  
 To guard the Innocents from Tyrants rage,  
 To make Peace prosper, Justice to reflow'r,  
 In desert hamlet, as in Lordly Bow'r;  
 A Prince, that though of none he stands in awe,  
 Yet first subjects himselfe to his owne Law,  
 Who joyes in good, and still as right directs.  
 His greatnesse measures by his good effects,  
 His Peoples pedestall, who rising high,  
 To grace this Throne, makes *Scotlands* name to fly  
 On *Halcyons* wings (her glory which restores)  
 Beyond the Ocean to *Columbus* shores:  
 Gods sacred Picture in this man adore,  
 Honour his *Valour*, *Zeale*, his *Piety* more,  
 High value what you hold, him deep engrave  
 In your hearts Heart, from whom all good ye have;  
 For as Moons splendor from her Brother springs,  
 The Peoples welfare streameth from their Kings.  
 Since your loves Object doth immortall prove,  
 O love this Prince with an eternall love..

Pray that those Crowns his Ancestors did weare,  
 His temples long (more orient) may beare,  
 That good he reach by sweetnesse of his sway,  
 That even his shadow may the bad affray;

That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,  
That still the glory of his greatnesse grow,  
That your begun felicities may last,  
That no *Orion* do with stormes them blast,  
That Victory his brave exploits attend,  
East, West, or South, where he his Force shall bend,  
Till his great Deeds all former Deeds surmount,  
And quale the Nimrod of the *Helleffont* ;  
That when his well-spent care all care becalmes,  
He may in Peace sleep in a shade of Palmes ;  
And rearing up faire Trophees, that heavens may  
Extend his life to worlds extreamest day.



The

## The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.

**A**T length we see those Eyes,  
Which cheere both Earth and Skies ;  
Now, ancient Caledon,  
Thy Beauties heighten, richest Robes put on,  
And let joyng joyes to all thy parts arise.

Here could thy Prince still stay,  
Each Month shoulde turne to May ;  
We need nor Star, nor Sun,  
Save him, to lengthen Daisies and Joyes begun :  
Sorrow and Night to far Climes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love  
Combin'd are from above,  
Prince never Scepter sway'd,  
Lov'd Subjects more, of Subjects more obey'd,  
Which may endure whilst Heavens great Orbis do move.

Joyes did you alwaies last,  
Lifes sparke you soon would waste ;  
Griefe follows sweet Delight,  
As Day is shadowed by fable Night,  
Yet shall Remembrance keep you still when past.

# The Speeches at the Horoscopall Pageant by the Planets.

## *Endymion.*

Rous'd from the *Lamian* Cave, where many yeares  
 That Empresse of the lowest of the Spheares,  
 Who cheers the Night, did keep me hid, apart  
 From mortall Wights, to ease her love-sick heart,  
 As young as when she did me first enclo'e,  
 As fresh in beauty as the morning Rose,  
*Endymion*; that whilome kept my Flocks  
 Upon *Ionias* flowry Hills and Rocks,  
 And sweet Layes warbling to my *Cynthias* beames,  
 Out-sang the Cignets of *Meanders* streames:  
 To whom (for Guerdon) she Heavens secret bars  
 Made open, taught the Paths and Pow'r's of Stars;  
 By this deare Ladies strict commandement  
 To celebrate this day I here am sent.  
 But whether is this heaven, which stars do crown,  
 Or are heavens flaming splendors here come down  
 To beautifie this nether World with-me?  
 Such state and glory did e're Shepheard see?  
 My wits my tenie mistrust, and stay amaz'd,  
 No eye on fairer Objects ever gaz'd;  
 Sure this is Heaven, for every wandring star,  
 Forsaking those great Orbis where whirl'd they are,  
 All dismal sad aspects abandoning,  
 Are here met to salute some gracious King;  
 Nor is it strange if they Heavens height negleect,  
 It of undoubted worth is the effect:  
 Then this it is, thy presence (royall Youth)  
 Hath brought them here within an *Azyne* st'.

To tell by me (their Herald,) comming things,  
 And what each Fate to her sterne Distasie sings :  
 Heavens Volume to unclasp, vast Pages spread,  
 Mysterious golden Cyphers cleare to read :  
 Hearre then the Augur of thy future daies,  
 And what the starry Senate of thee saies ;  
 For, what is firme decreed in heaven above,  
 In vaine on earth strive Mortalls to improve.

## Saturne.

**T**O faire hopes to give reines now is it time,  
 And soare as high as just desires may climbe ;  
**O Halcyonian,** cleare, and happy Day,  
 From sorry Wights let sorrow flic away,  
 And vexe **Antartick** Climes, great **Brittaines** woes  
 Vanish, for joy now in her Zenith glows;  
 The old **Lucadon** Syth-b earing Sire  
 (Though cold) for thee feeles flames of sweet desire ;  
 And many lustres at a perfect height,  
 Shall keep thy Scepters Majesty as bright  
 And strong in power and glory every way,  
 As when thy peerelesse Parent did it sway,  
 Ne're turning wrinkled in times endlesse length,  
 But one in her first beauty, youthfull strength,  
 Like thy rare mind, which stedfast as the Pole  
 Still fixed stands, however Spheares do role ;  
 More, to inhaunce with favours this thy Raigne,  
 His age of gold he shall restore againe,  
 Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,  
 Mens iwrights with white simplicity indwe,  
 Make all to live in plenties ceaselesse store  
 With equall shares, none wishing to have more ;  
 No more shall cold the Plough-mens hopes beguile,  
 Skies shall on Earth with lovely glances smile ;

Which shall untill'd each flow'r and herb bring forth,  
 And Lands to Gardens turne of equall worth,  
 Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortall dates,  
 Thus heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

*Jove.*

**D**elight of heaven, sole honour of the earth,  
*Jove* (courting thine Ascendant) at thy birth  
 Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,  
 That to thy worth great Monarchies are due;  
 He gave thee what was good, and what was great,  
 What did belong to love, and what to state,  
 Rare gifts whose ardors burne the heart of all,  
 Like tinder when flints atoms on it fall.  
 The *Tramontane* which thy faire course directs,  
 Thy Counsels shall approve by their effects;  
 Justice kept low by Giants, wrongs, and jars,  
 Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars,  
 Whom nought save Law of force could keep in awe,  
 Thou shalt turne Clients to the force of Law,  
 Thou Armes shalt brandish for thine own defence,  
 Wrongs to repell, and guard weake innocence,  
 Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,  
 As Oake the Ivy which it doth enfold;  
 All overcome, at last thy selfe o'recome,  
 Thou shalt make passion yield to reasons doome:  
 For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,  
 Nor shall disasters make it ere declin'd,  
 True shonour shall reside within thy Court,  
 Sobriety and Truth there still resort;  
 Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries  
 Detest, and fawning Parasites despise,  
 Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poore  
 Thy selfe, but give, that thou mayst still give more;

*Thou*

Thou shalt no *Paranymph* raise to high Place,  
For frizl'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face ;  
On gorgeous rayments, womanizing toyes,  
The works of wormes, and what a Moth destroyes.  
The Maze of fooles, thou shalt no treasure spend,  
Thy charge to immortality shall tend,  
Raise Pallaces, and Temples vaulted high,  
Rivers o're arch, of Hospitality  
And Sciences the ruin'd Innes restore,  
With Walls and Ports incircle *Neptunes* shore,  
To new-foundworlds thy Fleets make hold their course,  
And find of *Canada* the unknown Sourse,  
People those Lands which passe *Arabian* fields  
Infragrant Woods and Muske which *Zephire* yeelds ;  
Thou fear'd of none, shalt not thy People feare,  
Thy Peoples love thy Greatnesse shall up-reare,  
Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower,  
What Love can do thou shalt not do by Power,  
New and vast Taxes thou shalt not extort,  
Load heavy those thy bounty should support,  
Thou shalt not strike the Hinge nor Malter Beame  
Of thine Estate, but errours in the same  
By harmelesse Justice graciously reforme,  
Delighting more in calme than roaring storme ;  
Thou shalt governe in Peace as did thy Sire,  
Keep, save thine own, and Kingdomes new acquire,  
Beyond *Alcides* Pillars, and those bounds  
Where *Alexander* gain'd the Easterne Crowns,  
Till thou the greatest be amongst the Greats ;  
Thus Heavens ordaine, so have decreed the Fates.

*Mars.*

**S**ON of the Lion, thou of loathsome Bands  
 Shalt free the Earth, and what e're thee withstands  
 Thy noble paws shall teare, the God of *Thrace*  
 Shall be thy second, and before thy face,  
 To Truth and Justice, whilst thou Trophees reares,  
 Armies shall fall dismaid with Panick feares.

As when *Aurora* in skies azure lifts  
 Makes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,  
 And in a twinkling with her opall light,  
 Nights horrors checketh, putting stars to flight ;  
 More to inflame thee to this noble taske,  
 To thee he here resigns his Sword and Caske,  
 A Wall of flying *Castles*, armed Pines  
 Shall bridge thy Sea, like heaven with Steele that shines,  
 To aide earths tenants by foul yoks opp' est,  
 And fill with feares the great King of the West :  
 To thee already Victory displaies  
 Her garlands twin'd, with Olive, Oake, and Bayes,  
 Thy triumphs finish shall all old debates ;  
 Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates,

*Sun.*

**V**V *Ealth, Wisdom, Glory, Pleasure* stoutest hearts  
*Religion, Laws, H[er] person imparts*  
 To thy just Raigne, which shall far, far surpassee  
 Of Emperours, Kings, the best that ever was ;  
 Look how he dims the stars ; thy Glories raiess  
 So darken shall the lustre of these daies :  
 For in faire Vertues Zodiac thou shalt run,  
 And in the Heaven of Worthies be the Sun.

No more contemn'd shall haplesse Learning lye ;  
 The maids of *Pindus* shall be tailed high ;  
 For Bay and Ivy which their brows enroll'd  
 Thou shalt them deck with Gems and shining gold ;  
 Thou open shalt *Parnassus* Christall gates :  
 Thus Heavens ordaine, so do decree the Fates.

### Venus.

**T**He *Acidalian* Queen amidst thy Bayes  
 Shall twine her Mirtles, grant thee pleasant daies ;  
 She did make cleare thy house, and with her light  
 Of churlish Stars put back the dismal spight ;  
 The *Hymenean* bed faire brood shall grace,  
 Which on the earth continue shall their race,  
 While *Floras* treasure shall the Meads endear,  
 While sweet *Pomona* Rose-check'd fruits shall beare,  
 While *Phabes* beames her brothers emulates :  
 Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

### Mercury.

**G**reat *Atlas* Nephew, shall the works of Peace,  
 (The Springs of plenty) Tillage, Trades encrease,  
 And Arts in times gulfes lost againe restore,  
 To their Perfection ; nay, find many more,  
 More perfect Artists, *Cyclops* in their forge  
 Shall mould thole brazen *Typhons*, which disgorge  
 From their hard Bowels metall, flame and smoake,  
 Mufling the aire up in a fable cloake.  
 Geryons, Harpyes, Dragons, Sphinges strange  
 Wheele, where in spacious gires the Fume doth range,  
 The Sea shrinkes at the blow, shake doth the ground,  
 The Worlds vast Chambers doth the sound rebound ;

The

The Stygian Porter leaveth off to barke,  
 Black Jove appall'd doth shroud him in the darke ;  
 Many a *Typhis* in adventures tost  
 By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast,  
 With thy sayle-winged *Argoses* find out,  
 Which like the Sun shall run the Earth about ;  
 And far beyond his paths score wavy waies,  
 To *Carthages* Lands by *Hyperborean* seas ;  
 He shall endue thee both in peace and war,  
 With wisdome, which than Strength is better far,  
 Wealth, Honour, Armes, and Arts shall grace thy States ;  
 Thus Heavens ordaine, so do decree the Fates.

### *The Moon.*

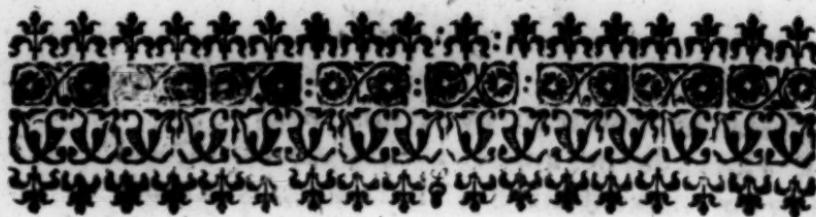
O How the faire Queen with the golden maids,  
 The Sun of Night, thy happy fortunes aids ;  
 Though turban'd Princes for a Badge her weare,  
 To them she waine, to thee would full appeare ;  
 Her Hand-maid *Thetis* dayly walkes the round  
 About thy *Delos* that no force it wound,  
 Than when thou lefist it, and abroad didst stray,  
 (Deare Pilgrim) she did straw with flower thy way,  
 And turning forraine force and counsell vaine,  
 Thy Guard and Guide return'd thee home againe ;  
 To thee she Kingdomes, Years, Blisse did divine,  
 Quailing *Medusas* grim Snakes with her shine,  
 Beneath thy raigne Discord, (fell mischieves forge,  
 The bane of Peoples, State, and Kingdome Scourge)  
 Pale Envy (with the Cocatrices eye,  
 Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith dye : )  
 Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,  
 Beyond the *Garamantis* shall pack them hence,  
 With every Monster that thy Glory hates,  
 Thus Heavens decree, to have ordain'd the Fates.

*Endymion.*

*Endymion.*

**T**HAT heretofore to thy heroick mind  
 Hopes did not answer as they were design'd :  
 O do not thinke it strange, Times were not come,  
 And these faire stars had not pronounc'd their doome ;  
 The Destinies did on that day attend,  
 When to this Northerne Region thou should lend  
 Thy cheerfull presence, and charg'd with Renown,  
 Set on thy brows the *Caledonian Crown* ;  
 Thy vertues now thy just desire shall grace,  
 Sterne Chance shall change, and to Desert give place ;  
 Let this be known to all the Fates, admit  
 To their grave Counsell, and to every wit  
 That courts Heavens inside ; this let *Sibills* know,  
 And those mad *Corybants* who dance and glow  
 On *Dindimus* high tops with frantick fire :  
 Let this be known to all *Apolo's* Quire,  
 And People let it not be hid from you,  
 What Mountaines noyse, and flouds proclaime as true :  
 Whereever Fame abroad his prale shall ring,  
 All shall observe, and serve this blessed King.

*The End of King Charles his Entertainment  
 at Edenborough, 1633.*



## A Pastorall Elegie on the Death of S. W. A.

IN sweetest prime, and blooming of his Age,  
 Deare *Alcon* ravish'd from this mortall Stage,  
 The Shepheards mourn'd, as they him lov'd before ;  
 Among the Rout him *Idmon* did deplore.  
*Idmon*, who whether Sun in East did rise,  
 Or dive in West, pour'd Torrents from his Eyes  
 Of liquid Chrystall, under Hawthorne shade,  
 At last to Trees and Rocks this plaint he made,  
*Alcon*, delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,  
 Off-spring of *Phœbus*, and the Mules birth,  
 The Graces Darling, *Adon* of our Plaines,  
 Flame of the fairest Nymphs the Earth sustaines,  
 What Power of thee hath us bereft ? What Fate  
 By thy untimely fall would ruinate  
 Our hopes ? O Death ! what treasure in one houre  
 Hast thou dispersed ? How dost thou devoure  
 What we on earth hold dearest ? All things good,  
 Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the Bud ?  
 The Corne the greedy Reapers cut not down  
 Before the Fields with golden Eares it crown ;  
 Nor doth the verdant Fruits the Gardener pull :  
 But thou art cropt before thy yeares were full.

With

With thee (sweet youth) the Glories of our Fields  
 Vanish away, and what contentments yields.  
 The Lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,  
 The Springs their Christall want, their Verdure Meads,  
 The yeares their early seasons, cheerfull Dayes,  
 Hills gloomy stand now desolate of Rayes :  
 Their amorous whispers *Zephires* not us bring,  
 Nor do Aires Quiresters salute the Spring ;  
 The freezing winds our Gardens do defloure.  
 Ah Destinies ! and you whom Skies embow'r,  
 To his faire Spoiles his Sprights againe yet give,  
 And like another *Phœnix* make him live.  
 The Herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,  
 And make with Crimson blush our Academs :  
 The Sun when in the West he doth decline,  
 Heavens brightest Tapers at his Funeralls shine ;  
 His Face, when washt in the *Atlantick Seas*,  
 Revives, and cheeres the *Welkin* with new Raies :  
 Why should not he, since of more pure a Frame,  
 Returne to us againe, and be the same ?  
 But wretch what wish I ? To the winds I send  
 These Plaints and Prayers, Destines cannot lend  
 Thee more of Time, nor Heavens consent will thus,  
 Thou leave their Starry World to dwell with us ;  
 Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their Spheres  
 Without these lamentations and Teares.

Thou wast all Virtue, Courtesie, and Worth,  
 And as Suns light is in the Moon set forth ;  
 Worlds supreame Excellence in thee did shine :  
 Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,  
 But in our Memories live, while Dolphins streames  
 Shall haunt, whilst *Eaglets* stare on *Titans* beames,  
 Whilst *Swans* upon their Christall Tombes shall sing,  
 Whilst Violets with Purple paint the Spring.  
 A gentler Shepheard Flocks did never feed  
 On Albions Hills, nor sung to oaten Reed :

While what she found in Thee my Muse would blaze,  
Griefe doth distract Her, and cut short thy Praise.

How oft have we, environ'd by the Throng  
Of tedious Swaines, the cooler shades among,  
Contemn'd Earths glow-worme Greatnesse, and the  
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace (Chace  
To court unconstancy? How oft have we  
Some *Chloris* Name graven in each Virgin Tree,  
And, finding Favours fading, the next Day  
What we had carv'd we did deface away?  
Woefull Remembrance! Nor Time nor Place  
Of thy abodement shadows any Trace,  
But there to me Theu shin'st : late glad Desires,  
And ye once Roles, how are ye turned Bryers?  
Contentments passed, and of Pleasures Chiefe,  
Now are ye frightfull Horrours, Hells of Griefe?

When from thy native Soyle Love had Thee driven,  
(Thy safe returne Prefigurating) a Heaven  
Of flattering Hopes did in my Fancy move,  
Then little dreaming it should Atomes prove.  
These Groves preserve will I, these loved Woods,  
These Orchards rich with Fruits, with Fish these flouds,  
My *Alcon* will returne, and once againe  
His chosen Exiles he will entertaine;  
The populous City holds him, amongst Harmes  
Of some fierce *Cyclops*, *Circe*'s stronger Charmes.  
These Bankes (said I) he visit will and Streames,  
These silent shades ne're kist by courting Beames.  
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first  
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest  
With his Aspect, I first shall heare his voice,  
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice  
To learne his passed Perills, know the Sports  
Of forraine Shepheards, Pawns, and Fairy Courts.  
No pleasure to the Fields, an happy State  
The Swaines enjoy, secure from what they hate:

Free of proud Cares they innocently spend  
The Day, nor do black Thoughts their ease offend ;  
Wise Natures Darlings they live in the World,  
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurld.  
These Hillocks *Pbaebs* loves, *Ceres* these Plaines,  
These *Shades* the *Sylvans*, and here *Pales* straines  
Milke in the Pailes; the Maids which haunt the Springs  
Daunce on these Pastures, here *Aurintas* sings :  
*Hesperian* Gardens, *Tempo*'s shades are here,  
Or what the Easterne *Inde* and West hold deare.  
Come then, deare Youth, the Wood-nymphs twine thee  
With Rose and Lilly, to impale thy Brows. (Boughs  
Thus ignorant, I mis'd, not conscious yet  
Of what by Death was done, and ruthlesle Fate :  
Amidst these Trances Faine thy losse doth sound,  
And through my Eares gives to my Heart a wound ;  
With stretched-out Armes I sought thee to embrace,  
But clasp'd (amaz'd) a Coffin in thy Place.  
A Coffin ! of our Joyes which had the Trust,  
Which told that thou wert come ; but chang'd to Dust:  
Scarce, even when felt, could I beleive this wrack,  
Nor that thy Time and Glory Heavens would breake.  
Now since I cannot see my *Alcons* Face,  
And find not Vows, nor Prayers to have place  
With guilty Stars, this Mountaine shall become  
To me a sacred Altar, and a Tombe  
To famous *Alcon* : here, as Daisies, Months, Yeares  
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will teares :  
Here spend my remnant Time, exil'd from Mirth,  
Till Death at last turne Monarch of my Earth.  
Shepheards on *Forth*, and you by *Doven* Rocks,  
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your Flocks,  
Pay Tribute here of Teares, ye never had  
To aggravate your Moanes a cause more sad;  
And to their sorrows hither bring your Mands,  
Charged with sweetest flow'rs, and with pure Hands ;  
(Faire

(Faire Nymphs) the blushing *Hyacinth* and Rose  
 Spred on the Place his Relicts do enclose,  
 Weave Garlands to his Memory, and put  
 Over his Hearse a Verse in Cypres cut :  
 Virtue did dye, Goodnesse but harme did give,  
 After the noble *Alcon* ceas'd to live,  
 Friendship an Earthquake suffer'd ; losing Him,  
 Loves brightest Constellation turned Dim.

## Hymne.

**S**aviour of Mankind, Man Emanuel,  
 Who sinnesse died for Sin, who vanquisht Hell,  
 The first fruits of the Grave, whose life did give  
 Light to our Darknes, in whose death we live.  
 O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,  
 That mine may thine obey: protect me still,  
 So that the latter death may not devour  
 My soule seal'd with thy Seal; so in the houre  
 When thou whose body sanctified thy Tombe  
 (Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come  
 To judge the World with Justice; by that signe  
 I may be known and entertained for thine.

A Translation  
Of S. John Scot his verles, begining  
*Quod ritæ sectabor iter.*

VVhat course of life should wretched Mortals  
In Books hard Questions large contention  
Care dwells in Houses, Labour in the Field,      (make ;  
Tumuluous Seas affrighting dangers yield.  
In Forraine Lands thou never canst be blest ;  
It rich, thou art in feare ; if poore, distrest.  
In Wedlock frequent discontentments dwell ;  
Unmarriēd persons as in Deserts dwell.  
How many troubles are with Children borne ?  
Yet he that wants them, counts himselfe Forlorne.  
Young men are wanton, and of wildome voyd :  
Gray haires are cold, unfit to be employ'd.  
Who would not one of those two offers try,  
Not to be borne : or, being borne, to dye ?

N      Miscellanies,

## MISCELLANIES.

**A**LL good hath left this Age, all tracks of shame,  
Mercy is banished, and pitty dead,  
Justice, from whence it came, to heaven is fled ;  
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle Name.  
Faith to distrust, and Malice hath given place,  
Envy with poyson'd Teeth hath friendship torne,  
Renowned Knowledge is a despis'd scorne,  
Now evill 'tis, all evill not to embrace.  
There is no life save under servile Bands,  
To make Desert a Vassall to their crimes,  
Ambition with Avarice joyne hands ;  
**O** ever-shamefull, O most shamelesse Times !  
Save that Suns light we see, of good here tell,  
This Earth we court so much, were very Hell.



**D**oth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?  
Is this the Justice which on Earth we find ?  
Is this that firme Decree which all doth bind ?  
Are these your Influences Powers above ?  
Those Soules which vices moody Mist most blind,  
Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove :  
And they who thee (poore Idoll) Vertue love  
Ply like a feather toss'd by storme and wind.  
Ah ! (if a Providence doth tway this All.)  
Why should best Minds groane under most distresse,  
Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,  
And injuries the Innocent oppresse ?  
Heavens kinder, stop this Fate, or grant a Time  
When Good may have as well as Bad their Prime.

*A Reply.*

VV Ho do in Good delight  
That soveraigne Justice ever doth reward,  
And though sometime it limite,  
Yet it doth them regard ;  
For even amidst their Griefe  
They find a strong reliefe,  
And Death it selfe can work them no despight.  
Againe, in evill who joy,  
And do in it grow old,  
In midst of Mirth ate charg'd with sins annoy,  
Which is in Conscience scrol'd,  
And when their Lifes fraile thred is cut by Time,  
They punishment find equall to each Crime.



L OOK how in *May* the Rose  
At Sulphures azure fumes,  
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,  
And all amaz'd a pallid white assumes.  
So time our best consumes,  
Makes Youth and Beauty passe,  
And what was pride turnes horrour in our Glasse.

N<sub>2</sub>

To

To a Swallow building neare the  
Statue of Medea.

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,  
That is *Medea*, there,  
Wilt thou thy Younglings hatch?  
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?  
Learne from her frantick face  
To seek some fitter place.  
What other mayst thou hope for, what desire,  
Save Stygian spels, wounds, poyson, iron, fire?

Venus armed.

To practice new alarmes  
In Joves great Court above,  
The wanton Queen of Love  
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid Armes;  
Where gazing in a Glasse  
To see what thing she was,  
To mock and scoffe the blew-eyed Maid did move;  
Who said, sweet Queen, thus shouldest thou have been dight  
When *Vulcan* took you napping with your Knight.

## The Boares Head.

A Midst a pleasant Green  
 Which Sun did seldome see,  
 Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian Queen,  
 The head of a wild Boare hung on a Tree :  
 And driven by Zephyres breath  
 Did fall, and wound the lovely Youth beneath,  
 On whom yet scarce appears  
 So much of blood as Venus eyes shed teares.  
 But ever as she wept her Antheme was,  
 Change, cruel, change, alas,  
 My Adon whilst thou liv'd was by thee slaine,  
 Now dead, this Lover must thou kill againe!

## To an Owle.

A Scalaphus tell me,  
 So may Nights Curtaine long Time cover Thee,  
 So Ivy ever may  
 From irkesome light keep thy Chamber and Bed,  
 And in Moons Liv'ry cled;  
 So may'st thou scorne the Quiresters of Day,  
 When playning thou dost stay  
 Neare to the sacred window of my deare,  
 Dost ever thou her heare  
 To wake, and steale swift houres from drowsie sleep?  
 And when she wakes, doth ere a stollen sigh creep  
 Into thy list'ning eare?  
 If that deafe God doth yet her carelesse keep,  
 In louder notes my Griefe with thine expresse,  
 Till by thy shriekes she think on my distresse.

*Daphnis.*

**N**ow *Daphnis* armes did grow  
 In slender branches, and her braided Haire,  
 Which like gold waves did flow,  
 In leavy Twigs were stretched in the Aire,  
 The grace of either foot  
 Transform'd was to a root,  
 A tender Barke enwraps her Body faire.  
 He who did create her ill  
 Sore-wailing stood, and from his blubbered eyne  
 Did shew's of teares upon the rine distill,  
 Which water'd thus did bud and turne more green.  
 O deep despaire! O Heart-appalling Griefe,  
 When that doth woe encrease should bring reliefe.

*The Beare of Love.*

**I**n woods and defart Bounds  
 A Beast abroad doth Roame,  
 So loving Sweetnesse and the honey Combe,  
 It doth despise the armes of Bees and wounds;  
 I by like pleasure led  
 To prove what Heavens did place  
 Of sweet on your faire face,  
 Whilst therewith I am fed,  
 Rest carelesse (Beare of Love) of hellish smart,  
 And how thole Eyes afflict and wound my Heart.

## Five Sonnets for Galatea.

S**T**rephone in vaine thou brings thy rimes and songs,  
 Deckt with grave *Pindars* old and withered flow'rs.  
 In vaine thou count'st the faire *Europas* wrongs,  
 And her whom *Jove* deceiv'd in golden flow'rs.  
 Thou hast slept never under Mirtles shed,  
 Or if that passion hath thy soule opprest,  
 It is but for some Grecian Mistris dead.  
 Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy brest ;  
 How can true Love with fables hold a place ?  
 Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,  
 Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove,  
 Thou suest for grace, in scorne more to disgrace ;  
 I cannot thinke thou wert charm'd by my looks,  
 O no, thou learn'dst thy love in Lovers books.

## II.

N**O** more with Candid words infect mine eares,  
 Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguish  
 When sound ye sleep : no more say that ye languish,  
 No more in sweet despite say you spend teares.  
 Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see ;  
 How those that are haire-brain'd boast of *Apollo*,  
 And bold give out the Muses do them follow,  
 Though in loves Library yet no Lover's he.  
 If we poore soules least favour but them shew,  
 That straight in wanton Lines abroad is blazed,  
 Their names doth soare on our fames overthrow,  
 Mark'd is our lightnesse whilst their wits are praised ;  
 In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,  
 He may, say we, but not well, be a Lover.

## III.

YE who with curious numbers, sweetest art,  
 Frame *Dedall* Nets our beauty to surprize,  
 Telling strange Castles builded in the Skies,  
 And tales of *Cupids Bow*, and *Cupids Dart* ;  
 Well, howsoever ye let your fained smart,  
 Molesting quiet cares with tragick cries,  
 When you accuse our chastities best part,  
 Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not halfe too wile,  
 Yea, ye your selves it deem most worthy praise ;  
 Beauties best guard ; that Dragon which doth keep  
*Hesperian* fruit, the spar in you does rale ;  
 That *Delion* wit that other waies may sleep,  
 To cruell Nymphs your Lines do tame afford,  
 Oft many pitifull, not one poore word.

## IV.

IF it be love to wake out all the night,  
 And watchfull eyes drive out in dewie moanes,  
 And when the Sun brings to the world his light  
 To waste the Day in teastes, and bitter groanes.  
 If it be love to dim weake reasons beame  
 With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind  
 In hellish agonies a heav'n to dreame,  
 Still seeking Comforts where but griefes we find ;  
 If it be love to staine with wanton thought  
 A spotlesse chastity, and make it try  
 More furious flames than his whole cunning wrought  
 That brazen Bull, where he in omb'd did try.  
 Then sure is Love the causer of such woes,  
 By ye our Lovers, or our mortall foes.

And

## V.

And would you then shake off Loves golden chain,  
 With which it is best freedome to be bound ?  
 And Cruell doye seek to heale the Wound  
 Of Love, which hath such sweet and pleasant paine ;  
 All that is subje<sup>t</sup> unto natures raigne  
 In Skies above, or on this lower round,  
 When it is long and far sought, end hath found,  
 Doth in *Decadens* fall and slack remaine ;  
 Behold the Moon how gay her face doth grow,  
 Till she kisse all the Sun, then doth decay ;  
 See how the Seas tumultuously do flow  
 Till they embrace Iov'd bankes, then post away ;  
 So is't with love, unlesse you love me still ;  
 O, do not thinke Ile yeeld unto your will.



Cares charming sleep, son of the Table night,  
 Brother to death, in silent darknesse borne,  
 Destroy my languish e're the day be light,  
 With darke forgetting of my cares returne,  
 And let the day be long enough to mourne  
 The ship-wreck of my ill-adventured Youth ;  
 Let watry eyes suffice to waile their scorne  
 Without the troubles of the nights untruth ;  
 Cease dreames, fond image of my fond desires  
 To modell forth the passions of tomorrow ;  
 Let never rising Sun approve your teares  
 To add more grieve to aggravate my sorrow :  
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vaine,  
 And never wake to feele the daies disdaine.

## An Epitaph of one named Margaret.

IN shells, and gold, Pearles are not kept alone,  
 A Margaret here lies beneath a stone ;  
 A Margaret that did excell in worth  
 All those rich Gems the Indias both send forth.  
 Who had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,  
 Had made the Graces foure, the Muses ten,  
 And forc'd those happy times her daies that claim'd  
 From ber to be the age of Pearl still nam'd ;  
 She was the richest Jewell of her kind,  
 Grac'd with more luttre than she left behind,  
 All Goodnesse, vertue, Bounty, and could cheare  
 The saddest minds, now Nature knowing hero  
 How things but shown, then hidden are lov'd best,  
 This Margaret shrin'd in this marble Chest.

## Another Epitaph on a Lady.

THIS Beauty faire which death in dust did turne,  
 And clos'd so soon withinis a Coffin sad,  
 Did pasie like Lightning, like the thunder burne,  
 So little like so much true vertue had ;  
 Heavens but to shew their might here made it shine,  
 And when admir'd then in the worlds dildaine,  
 (O teares, O grieve I) did call it back againe,  
 Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.

On

## On a Drunkard.

**N**ot *Aramantes*, nor *Roses* do bequeath  
Unto this Hearse, but *Tamarisks* and *Wine*,  
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,  
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath,

## Aretinus Epitaph.

**H**ere *Aretine* lies most bitter gall,  
Who whilst he lived spoke evill of all,  
Only of God the Arrant Scot  
Naught said, but that he knew him not.

## Comparison of his thoughts to Pearls.

**V**Vith open shells in seas, on heavenly dew,  
A shining Oyster lusciously doth feed,  
And then the birth of that æthereall seed  
Shews when conceiv'd if Skies looke dark or blew ;  
So do my thoughts (Cœlestiall twins) of you,  
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,  
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true  
If ye then smil'd : or lowr'd in mourning weed  
Pearles then are orient fram'd, and faire in forme  
If heavens in their conceptions do look cleare :  
But if they thunder, or do threat a storme.  
They sadly darke and cloudy do appeare ;  
Right so my thoughts, and so my notes do change,  
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse it ye look strange.

*All changeth;*

**T**He angry Winds not aye  
Do cuff the roaring Deep ;  
And though heavens often weep,  
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay ;  
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs,  
And Love hath sweets when gone are all the soures.  
This said, a Shepheard closing in his armes  
His deare ; who blusht to feele Loves new alarmes.

*Silenus to King Midas.*

**T**He greatest gift that from their lofty thrones  
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,  
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once  
A sickling end his daies, and leave to live,  
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy  
Of life, nor fears the Stygian Lakes annoy.

*To his amorous thought.*

**S**weet wanton thought, who art of beauty borne,  
And who on beauty feedst, and sweet desire,  
Like Taper flee, still circling, and still turne  
About that flame ; that all so much admire  
That heavenly faire, which doth out-blush the mornie,  
Those Ivory hands, those threads of golden wire  
Thou still surroundest yet dar'st not aspire ;  
Sure thou dost well that place not to come neare,  
Nor see the Majesty of that faire Court ;  
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,  
The poore intelligence that moves that spheare  
Like soules ascending to those Joyes above,  
Back never wouldest thou turne, nor thence remove.

*What*

What can we hope for more ? what more injoy ?  
 Since fairest things thus loosest have their end,  
 And as on bodies shadows do attend,  
 Soon all our blisse is followed with annoy,  
 Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love,  
 Her memory on earth, her soule above.

*Verses on the late William Earle of Pembrook.*

I.

**T**He doubtfull feares of Change to fright my Mind,  
 Though raised to the highest joy in Love,  
 As in this slippery state more grieve I find,  
 Than they who never such a blisse did prove ;  
 But fed with lingring hopes of future Gaine,  
 Dreame not what 'tis to doubt a Losers Paine.

II.

Desire a safer Harbour is than Fear,  
 And not to rise leſſe danger than to fall ;  
 The want of Jewels we far better beare,  
 Than to poſſeit at once to lose them all :  
 Unsatiſfied Hopes Time may repaire,  
 When ruin'd Faith muſt finiſh in despair.

III.

Alas ! Ye look but up the Hill on me,  
 Which shewſ to you a faire and ſmooth ascent,  
 The Precipice behind ye cannot fee,  
 On which high Fortunes are too pronely bent :  
 If there I ſlip, what former joy or blife  
 Can heale the bruife of ſuch a fall as this ?

*A Reply.*

## I.

**V**HO love enjoyes, and placed hath his Mind  
Where fairer Vertues fairest beauties grace,  
Than in himselfe such store of worth doth find,  
That he deserves to hold so good a Place;  
To chilling feares how can he be set forth,  
Whose feares condemne his own, doubts others  
(worth)

## II.

Desire, as flames of Zeale, Fesse, Horrours meets,  
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.  
Who is so dainty intiate with sweets  
To murmur when the Banquet is remov'd?  
The fairest hopes Time in the Bud destroys,  
When sweet are memories of ruin'd Joyes.

## III.

It is no Hill but Heaven where you remaine,  
And whom Desert advanced hath so high  
To reach the Guerdon of his burning Paine,  
Must not repine to fall, and falling dye,  
His Hopes are crown'd; what years of tedious breath  
Can them compare with such a happy Death?

*W. D.*

*A Translation.*

**A**H ! silly Sonle, what wilt thou say  
When he whom earth and Heavens obey  
Comes Man to judge in the last Day?

## I I.

When He a reason askes, why Grace  
And Goodnesse thou wouldst not embrace,  
But steps of Vanity didst trace ?

## I II.

That Day of Terrour, Vengeance, Ire,  
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,  
And to thy God in haste retire.

## I V.

With watry Eyes, and Sigh-swollen Heart,  
O beg, beg in his Love a part.  
Whilst Conscience with remorse doth smart.

## V.

That dreaded Day of wrath and shame  
In flames shall turne this Worlds huge Frame,  
As sacred Prophets do proclaim.

## V I.

O I with what Griefe shall Earthlings groane  
When that great Judge set on his Throne  
Examines strictly every One.

Shrill-

## VII.

Shrill-sounding Trumpets through the Aire  
 Shall from dark Sepulchres each where  
 Force wretched Mortals to appare.

## VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remaine  
 To find their dead arise againe,  
 And Processe with their Judge maintaine.

## IX.

Display'd then open Books shall lye  
 Which all those secret crimes descry,  
 For which the guilty World must dye.

## X.

The Judge entron'd (whom Bribes not gaine)  
 The closest crimes appare shall plaine,  
 And none unpanished remaine.

## XI.

O who then pitty shall poore me !  
 Or who mine Advocate shall be ?  
 When scarce the justest passe shall free,

## XII.

All wholly holy dreadfull King,  
 Who freely life to thine dost bring;  
 Of Mercy save me Mercies spring.

Teca

## XIII.

Then ('sweet Jesu) call to mind  
How of thy Paines I was the End,  
And favour let me that day find.

## XIV.

In search of me Thou full of paine  
Didst sweat blond, Death on Crosse sustaine,  
Let not these suffrages be in vaine.

## XV.

Thou supreame Judge, most just and wise,  
Purge me from guilt which on me lies  
Before that day of thine Assize.

## XVI.

Charg'd with remorse (loe) here I groane;  
Sin makes my face a blushi take on;  
Ah ! spare me prostrate at thy Throne.

## XVII.

Who *Mary Magdalen* didst spare,  
And lend'st the Thief on Crosse thine Eate,  
Shewest me faire hopes I should not feare.

## XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are and weake,  
But worthy of thy grace them make,  
And save me from Hells burning Lake.

## XIX.

On that great Day at thy right hand  
Grant I amongst thy Sheep may stand,  
Sequestred from the Goatish Band.

## XX.

When that the Reprobates are all  
To everlasting flames made thrall,  
O to thy Chosen (Lord) we call;

## XXI.

That I one of thy Company,  
With those whom thou dost justify,  
May live blest in Eternity.



*Vpon John Earle of Laderdale his Death.*

O F those rare Worthies, who adorn'd our North  
 And shin'd like Constellations, Thou alone  
 Remaindest last (great Mainland) charg'd with worth,  
 Second in Virtues Theater to none.  
 But finding all eccentric in our times,  
 Religion into superstition turn'd,  
 Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd,  
 Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed Crimes:  
 The young man destinate by sword to fall,  
 And Trophies of their Countries (poiles to reate);  
 Strange Laws the Ag'd, and prudent to appale,  
 And forc'd sad yokes of Tyranny to beare.  
 And for nor great, nor vertues minds a roome,  
 Dildaining life, thou shouldest into thy Tombe.

## II.

VV Hen misdevotion every where shall take place,  
 And lofty Oratours in thundring termes  
 Shall move you (people) to arise in armes,  
 And Churches hallow'd policy deface;  
 When you shall but one generall sepulchre  
 (As Averroes did one generall Soule)  
 On high, or low, on good, on bad confer,  
 And your dull Predecessors rites controule;  
 Ah spare this Monument, great Guests it keeps,  
 Three grave Justiciars, whom true worth did raise,  
 The Muses Darlings, whose losse Phæbus weeps:  
 Best mens delight, the glory of their daies.  
 More we would say, but feare, and stand in awe  
 To turne Idolaters, and break your Law.

## III

**D**O not repine (blest soule) that humble wits  
Do make thy worth the matter of their Verse :  
No high strain'd Muse our times and sorrows fits :  
And we do figh, not sing, to crown thy Hearse.  
Thy wifest Prince, e're manag'd *Brittaines State*  
Did not disdaine in numbers cleere and brave,  
The vertues of thy Sire to celebrate,  
And fix a rich memorall on his Grave.  
Thou didst deserve no lesse ; and here in Jet,  
Gold, Touch, Brasse, Porphyrie, or *Parian Stone*,  
That by a Princes hand no lines are set  
For thee : the canie is now this Land hath none.  
Such Giant Moods our parity forth brings,  
We all will nothing be, or all be Kings.



EPI.

## EPITAPHS.

*To*

*The Obsequies of the blessed Prince,  
JAMES, King of Great Britaine.*

Et holy David, Solomon the Wise,  
That King, whose Breast Egeria did inflame ;  
Augustus, Helens Son, Great in all Eyes,  
Do Homage low to thy Mansocean Frame ;  
And bow before thy Laurels Academ.  
Let all those sacred Swans, which to the Skies  
By never-dying Layes have rais'd their Name,  
From North to South, where Sun doth set and rile.  
Religion, Orphan'd, waileth o're thy Urne,  
Justice weeps out her Eyes, now truly blind,  
To Niobes the remnant Vertues turne :  
Fame, bat to blaze thy Glories, staies behind  
I'th' World, which late was golden by thy Breath,  
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by thy Death.

03

On

# On the Death of a young Lady.

His Beauty which pale Death in Dust did turne,  
 And clos'd so soon within a Coffin sad,  
 Did passe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne ;  
 So little Life, so much of Worth it had !  
 Heavens but to shew their Might here made it shine,  
 And when admir'd, thes in the Worlds disdaine  
 (O Teares, O Griefe I did call it back againe,  
 Left Earth should vaunt she kept what was Divine,  
 What can we hope for more ? what more enjoy ?  
 Sith fairest things thus sooneft have their End ;  
 And, as on Bodies shadows do attend,  
 Sith all our Blisse is follow'd with Annoy ?  
 She is not dead, she lives where she did love,  
 Her Memory on Earth, her soule above.

F ond Wight, who dream'st of Greatnes, Glory, State,  
 And Worlds of Pleasures, Honour dost devise,  
 Awake, Learne how that here thou art not Great,  
 Nor glorious, By this Monument turne wise.

One it enshrineth sprung of ancient stemm,  
 And (if that Bloud Nobility can make,) a  
 From which some Kings have not disdain'd to take  
 Their proud Descent, a rare and matchlesse Gemm.

A Beauty here it holds by full assurance,  
 Than which no blooming Rose was more refin'd,  
 Nor Mornings Blush more radiant ever shin'd,  
 Ah ! too too like to Morne and Rose at laist.

It holds her who in Wits ascendant far  
 Did Yeares and Sex transcend, To whom the Heaven  
 More Vertue than to all this Age had given,  
 For Vertue Meteor turn'd, when stac a star.

Faire Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,  
 And what those Kings of Numbers did conceivo  
 By Muses Nine, and Graces moe than Three,  
 Lye clos'd within the Compasse of this Grave.

Thus Death all Earthly glories doth confound,  
 Loe ! how much Worth a little Dust doth bound.

**F**Ar from these Bankes exiled be all Joyes,  
 Contentments, Pleasures, Musick (cares relief)  
 Tears, Sighs, Plaints, Horours, Frightments, sad Annoies  
 Invest these Mountaines, fill all Hearts with Griefe.

Here Nightingsals and Turtles vent your moanes ;  
*Ampbrisian Shepheard here come feed thy Flocke,*  
 And read thy *Hjacinth* amidst our Groanes,  
 Plaine Eccho thy *Narcissus* from our Rocks.

Lost have our Meads their Beauty, Hills their Gemms,  
 Our Brooks their Christall, Groves their pleasant shade,  
 The fairest Flow'r of all our Academms  
 Death cropp'd hath, the *Lesbia chalte* is dead.

Thus sigh'd the Tyne then shunke beneath his Urne,  
 And Meads, Brooks, Rivers, Hills about did mourne.

Nov. 1611



**T**He Flower of Virgins in her Prime of yeares  
 By ruthlesse Destinies is ta'ne away,  
 And rap'd from Earth, poore Earth, before this Day,  
 Which ne're was rightly nam'd a Vale of Teares.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, sweet Modestie  
 No more appears; She whose harmonious sounds  
 Did ravish Sence, and charme Minds deepest wounds,  
 Embasck'd with many a Teare now low doth lye.

Faire Hopes now vanish'd are; She should have grac'd  
 A Princes Marriage-Bed; but (loc !) in Heaven  
 Blest Paramours to her were to be given!  
 She liv'd an Angell, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a Name abstractly trimm'd,  
 Interpreting what she was in effect,  
 A shadow from her Frame which did reflect,  
 A Portrait by her Excellencies limm'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath bither brought,  
 And read'st; Here lies a Branch of *Maxlands* stemm,  
 And *Seyrons* Off-Spring; know that either Name  
 Designes all worth yet reacht by humane Thought.

Tombes (else-where) use Life to their Guests to give,  
 These Ashes can fraile Monuments make live.

S.C.P.

+ O

*A. rother*

*Another on the same subject.*

**L**ike to the Gardens Eye, the Flower of Flow'rs  
 With purple Pompe that dazzle doth the Sight;  
 Or as among the lesser Gems of Night,  
 The Usher of the Planet of the Hours:  
 Sweet Maid, thou shinedst on this World of ours,  
 Of all Perfections having trac'd the hight,  
 Thine outward frame was faire, faire inward Powers,  
 A Saphire Lanthorne, and an incense light.  
 Hence, the enamour'd Heaven as too too good  
 On Earths all-thorny soyle long to abide,  
 Transplanted to their Fields so rare a Bud,  
 Wherefrom thy Sun no cloud thee now can hide.  
 Earth moan'd her losse, and wish'd she had the grace  
 Not to have known, or known thee longer space.



**H**ard Laws of mortall Life!  
 To which made Thrales we come without consent,  
 Like Tapers, lighted to be early spent,  
 Our Griefes are alwaies ripe,  
 When joyes but halting march, and swiftly fly  
 Like shadows in the Eye:  
 The shadow doth not yeeld unto the Sun,  
 But Joyes and Life do waste even when begun.

*On*

# On the Death of a Nobleman in Scotland, buried at Aithen.

**A**ithen, thy Pearly Coronet let fall,  
Clad in sad Robes upon thy Temples set,  
The weeping Cyppresse, or the sable Jet.

Mourne this thy Nurslings losse, a losse which all  
~~Apollas~~ Quire bemoanes, which many yeares  
Cannot repaire, nor Influence of Spheares,

Ah! when shalt thou find Shepheard like to him,  
Who made thy Bankes more famous by his worth,  
Then all thole Gems thy Rocks and Streams send forth,

His splendor others Glow-worm light did dim,  
Sprung of an ancient and a vertuous Race,  
He Vertue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildnesse thy halfe-barbarous swaines,  
The Good-mans Refuge, of the bad the fright,  
Unpareld in friendship, worlds Delight.

For Holipitality along thy Plaines  
Far-fam'd, a Patron, and a Patterne faire,  
Of Piety, the Mules chiefe repaire.

Most debonaire, in Courtesie supreame,  
Lov'd of the meane, and honour'd by the Great,  
Ne're dasht by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate,  
To prelent, and to after Times a Theame.

Aithen,

*Aitben, thy Teares poure on this silent Grave,*  
*And drop them in thy Alabaster cave,*  
*And Nisbes Imagery become;*  
*And when thou hast distilled here a Tombe,*  
*Enchase in it thy Pearls, and let it beare,*  
*Aithens best Gem and honour shrin'd lies here.*



**F**ame Register of Time  
 Write in thy Scrowle, that I  
 Of Wisdome Lover, and sweet Poesie,  
 Was cropped in my Prime :  
 And ripe in worth, though green in yeares, did dye.



**I**ustice, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,  
 Friendship, and Love, being resolv'd to dye  
 In these lewd Times, have chosen here to have  
 With just true pious ——— their Grave ;  
 Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,  
 That they on Earth would choole none other Place.



**V**Vhen Death to deck his Trophees stop thy breath,  
 Rare Ornament and Glory of these Parts :  
 All with moist Eyes might say, and ruthfull hearts,  
 That things immortall vassal'd were to Death.

What Good in Parts on many shar'd we see  
 From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow,  
 To make a Master-Piece of worth below,  
 Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in grosse to Thee.

In Honour, Bounty, Rich, in Valour, Wit,  
In Courtesie, Borne of an ancient Race,  
With Bayes in war, with Olives crown'd in Peace,  
Match'd great, with Off-spring for great Actions fit.

No Raft of Times, nor Change, thy Vertue wan  
With Times to change, when Truth, Faith, Love decsy'd,  
In this new Age (like Fate) thou fixed stay'd  
Of the first World an all-substantiall Man.

As earst this Kingdome given was to thy Syre,  
The Prince his Daughter trusted to thy Care,  
And well the credit of a Gem so rare  
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Yeares cannot wrong thy Worth, that now appeares  
By others set as Diamonds among Pearles,  
A Queens deare Foster, Father to three Earles,  
Enough on Earth to triumph are o're yeares.

Life a Sea-voyage is, Death is the Haven,  
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,  
Which Thousands seeking have on Rocks been driven,  
That Good adornes thy Grave which with thee liv'd :

For a fraile Life which here thou didst enjoy,  
Thou now a lasting hast freed of Annoy.

Within



**V**Within the Closure of this Narrow Grave  
Lye all those Graces a Good-wife could have:  
But on this Marble they shall not be read,  
For then the Living envy would the Dead.



**T**He Daughter of a King of Princely Parts,  
In Beauty eminent, in Vertues chiefe,  
Loadstar of Love, and Loadstone of all hearts,  
Her Friends, and Husbands only Joy, now Griefe :  
Is here pent up within a Marble Frame,  
Whose Parcell no Times, no Climates claime.



**V**erles fraile Records are to keep a Name,  
Or raise from Dust Men to a Life of Fame,  
The sport and spoyle of Ignorance ; but far  
More fraile the Frames of Touch and Marble are,  
Which envy, Avarice, Time e're long confound,  
Or mis-devotion equalis with the Ground.  
Vertue alone doth last, frees man from Death,  
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,  
Stands grav'n in Angels Diamantine Roles,  
And blazed in the Courts above the Poles.  
Thou wast faire Vertues Temple, they did dwell,  
And live ador'd in thee, nought did excell  
But what thou either didst possesse or love,  
The Oraces Darling, and the maids of Jove,  
Courted by Fame for Bounties which the Heaven  
Gave thee in great, which if in Parcels given

Too many, such we happy sure might call,  
How happy then wast thou who enjoyedst them all ?  
A whiter Soule ne're body did invest,  
And now (leuestred) cannot be but blest,  
Imbro'd in Glory, 'midst those Hierarchies  
Of that immortall People of the Skies,  
Bright Saints and Angels, there from cares made free  
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign Good from Thee.  
Thou smil'st at Earths Confusions and Jars,  
And how for *Centaures* Children we wage wars :  
Like honey Flies, whose rage whole swarmes consumes  
Till Dast thrown on them makes them vaile their  
Thy friends to thee a Monument would raise, / plumes,  
And lime thy Vertues; but dull griefe thy Praise  
Breakes in the Entrance, and our Taske proves vaine,  
What duty writes that woe blots out againe :  
Yet Love a Pyramid of Sighs thee reares,  
And doth embaulme thee with Fare-wells and Teares.

## Rose.

**T**Hough Marble Porphyry, and mourning Touch——  
May praise these spoiles, yet can they not too much;  
For Beauty last, and this Stone doth close,  
Once Earths Delight, Heavens care, a parest Role.  
And ( Reader ) shouldest thou but let fall a Teare  
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appeare,  
Sad Violets and Hyacinths which grow  
With markes of griefe : a publike losse to show.

## I I.

Relenting Eye, which daignest to this Stone  
To lend a look, behold; here he laid one.  
The Living and the Dead interr'd, for Dead  
The Turtle in its Mate is ; and she fled  
From Earth, her choos'd this Place of Griefe  
To bound Thoughts, a small and sad Relief.  
His is this Monument, for hers no Art  
Could frame, a Pyramide rais'd of his Heart.

## I I I.

Instead of Epitaphs and airy praise  
This Monument a Lady chaste did raise  
To her Lords living fame, and after Death  
Her Body doth unto this Place bequeath,  
To rest with his, till Gods shrill Trumpet sound,  
Though time her Life, no time her love could bound.

To

## To Sir W. A.

**T**Hough I have twice been at the Doores of Death,  
And twice found shut those Gates which ever  
This but a Lightning is, Truce ta'ne to Breath, / mourn,  
For late borne sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred Cares, and Courtly Toyles,  
*Alexis*, when thou shal hearc wandring Fame  
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles,  
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name ;

If thou e're held me deare, by all our Love,  
By all that Blisse, those Joyes Heaven here us gave,  
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of *Jove*,  
To graue this short remembrance on my Grave:

Here *Damon* lies, whose Songs did sometime grace  
The murmuring *Esk*, may Roies shade the place.

FINIS.



